The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
COL. J. L. SPANGLER,
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Senate,
HON. P. GRAY MEEK.
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Sheriff,
WILLIAM A. ISHLER.

For Treasurer,
JAMES J. GRAMLEY.

For Assembly,
HON. J. H. HOLT,
JOHN T. McCORMICK.

For Register,
JOHN RUPP.

For Recorder,
W. GALER MORRISON.

For Commissioners,
T. FRANK ADAMS,
G. L. GOODHART.

For Auditors,
J. B. MITCHELL,
SAMUEL KLINE.

The Philipsburg *Wage Earner's Journal*, the organ of the Central Pennsylvania miners, which has been non-partisan, has declared for Pattison. In announcing this fact its editor charges that Delamater is the tool of corporations.

Pittsburg *Dispatch* Pittsburg *Times* Pittsburg *Telegraph* Pittsburg *Press* Pittsburg *Leader*	All Republican and all against

DELAMATER

To this last add the Philadelphia *American*, rep., and within ten days the Philadelphia *News* and Scraton Truth which also flopped over from Delamater to Pattison.

The reported revolution last week in the Swiss canton Ticino was simply a popular uprising against the conservative government which had refused to submit a certain question to a popular vote as required by law. Only one man was killed and his death was due to accident. The people have gained their point and order has been restored.

The other day we heard a staunch, consistant, and prominent Republican, denounce the recent county convention of his party, and the ticket placed in nomination by it, in unmeasured terms. He said the Bellefonte ringsters had every thing done at their bidding, that the delegates were mostly under the influence of ring whiskey, and voted as the Bellefonte gang directed. Well, this is telling the truth in plainer words than any Democrat has yet put it, but it is the truth and a Republican tells it. The men upon the ticket are described by this individual as persons without credit or character, and utterly lacking in the qualifications needed for the positions for which they are named.

Chris Magee, owner of the Pittsburg *Times*, in a recent interview in New York said: "I am not supporting Mr. Delamater and there are a great many others who are not. In Western Pennsylvania there is a great deal of discontent among the Republicans and a very strong feeling against Delamater mainly because he is Quay's man. Just what the result will be it is hard to say, and I doubt if any one can come anywhere near it until election day." A most interesting statement was made by Mr. Magee. In Allegheny county there are eight newspapers printed every day seven of which are Republican. Of those seven only the *Commercial Gazette* is supporting the ticket.

Ex-Governor Cameron, the last Republican governor of Virginia and the leader of the anti-Mahone wing of the party, in a trenchant letter abandons Republicanism as expounded by Reed and Quay, and returns to his old place in the Democratic party. This paragraph sets forth Governor Cameron's estimate of Republican policies:

Their object was and is to force the fighting as between a solid North and a solid South, and at the same time to use the small contingent of Southern Republicans in congress to minimize the power of the South by such political abominations as the Lodge bill and by so framing the tariff law, under pretext of protection to American labor and American products as to increase every burden of the customs upon the weaker section.

Kennedy's Speech in the Record.

The speech of Representative Kennedy of Ohio, attacking the senate and Senator Quay, which created a sensation when delivered ten days ago, appeared in the *Congressional Record* this morning after having been revised by Mr. Kennedy. The speech as it appears in the government's official publication of the proceedings of congress differs from the speech as originally delivered in the elimination of certain passages which, it has been asserted, were contrary to parliamentary rules and usages. The revised speech is hardly less severe than as originally delivered, but it is believed by the congressmen from Ohio to be now in conformity with the rules of the house governing criticisms in the debate of the other branch of the legislature. The first part of the speech, which was devoted to the federal election bill, is unchanged. Coming down to the attack upon the senate no change is made in that part referring to the high character and standing of Webster, Clay, Fessenden and Wade. Then after declaring that Ohio has twice within a decade been disgraced by senators chosen simply because they were able to outbid other contestants, there is this sentence: "Surely the cloak of senatorial courtesy has been used to hide the infamy and the corruption which has dishonored and disgraced a body which was once the proudest in the land." This is the only reference to the "cloak of senatorial courtesy," all of that part declaring that senatorial courtesy had become a stench in the nostrils of the people and a cloak to cover up infamies be omitted. The only change made so far as Senator Quay is concerned, consists in the elision of the word "criminal" where it occurs in two places and of the omission of all mention of Senator Quay by name. Where it was suggested in the original speech that Judas when he hanged himself had left "an example for the Matt Quays that was well worthy of their imitation," there is substituted therefor the following: "an example well worthy of imitation." The sentence, "The republican party cannot afford to follow the lead of a branded criminal" is struck out altogether, and later on where it was said, "He stands a convicted criminal before the bar of public opinion," a change is made so as to read, "He stands convicted before the bar of public opinion."

There is another clash at World's Fair headquarters, and the outcome of it may be the appointment of two director generals.

The National Commission and the local directory have been in conflict for the past two weeks on the question of authority. They have crossed each other on several occasions, and now they are fighting about the director generalship.

Hastings of Pennsylvania, was thought to be the choice of the National Commission, but it is understood that Smally of Vermont who is also a member of the commission and a prominent Democrat in the East, is in favor of ex-Congressman A. A. Stephenson, of Bloomington Ill. Stephenson is a Democrat and Hastings is a Republican. Both want the prize and it is probable that there will be a fierce fight for it when the commissioners meet here next week.

Ex-Congressman George R. Davis will be the director general of the local directory if it is decided to have two director generals. Unless the two bodies get together and patch up a peace, there are many who believe that the fair will be killed by such conflicts.

Did You Say It Sir?

The Patriot, of Monday says: According to a report of the speech made by Adjutant General Hastings at the Delamater meeting in Pittsburg on Saturday evening last, published in two of the Philadelphia papers of yesterday, the ponderous ex-candidate for the republican gubernatorial nomination went so far as to say that "even if it was true that a republican leader had stolen money from the state treasury he would still consider him better than the best democrat." If not—and it is incredible that you could have so basely insulted the intelligence of your hearers—you should be quick with your disclaimer.

How smokeless powder is made: Purified wood cellulose is gradually introduced into a very cold mixture of one part of fuming nitric acid and two parts of concentrated sulphuric acid until a thick pulp is formed. After six hours' contact, the pulp is washed, first with cold and then with warm and slightly ammoniacal water. The washed product is boiled in a concentrated solution of nitrate of baryta, gently compressed, and dried at 40 C. In order to granulate it (an operation that is not indispensable), machines devised for the purpose are necessary.

It is probable that this smokeless powder is the same that was offered two years ago, by an English house, to the Austrian and German Governments, and refused after an examination.

Choice Extracts.

"Mr. Delamater in various personal interviews with uncertain Republican voters has, during the past summer, explained to them that he disapproved the course and methods of Mr Quay, though obliged to accept them to gain his present position; and he promised that upon his election he would free himself from such entanglements and labor for reform. If this explanation and this pledge of the Republican candidate is sincere, it proves him false to his political friends and false to the party platform, which indorses Mr. Quay, hence his promises of reform are unworthy of confidence."—*Independent Address.*

"The Republican party is one that promotes independence of thought and of action. That is what makes our conventions free from bossism. And I say to you that in the future, as far as I am concerned and those who are with me, the conventions of our party are controlled by the people. No man, or set of men, shall assume to boss you against your wishes. I can honestly look you in your faces and say that the proud title I hold came to me by the uncontrolled wishes and desires of the people of Pennsylvania."—*Candidate Delamater at Doylestown.*

"I have been making governors all my life, and yet I have never had one of my own. I am going to nominate Delamater and know how it feels to own a governor just for once."—*M. S. Quay in Pittsburg Times.*

It is related by a traveler just returned from an exploring expedition in the canons of Colorado, that he discovered there, in an almost inaccessible canon, one hundred miles north of Williams, the Yava Supai tribe of Indians, who had never seen any white man except John D. Lee, the Mormon. The Indians thus living in such seclusion are magnificent specimens of the Apache family, but of ancient origin. The valley in which they have lived for many years has but two ways of approach. It contains 2,000 acres, and is inclosed by almost perpendicular walls 4,000 feet high. A river starting from two boiling springs flows through a luxuriant valley. The water in the river is clear as crystal, and so strongly impregnated with lime that it petrifies everything it touches. There are three immense cataracts in the canon, along the front of which limestone ridges have formed, twenty to fifty feet one above the other. Over all these the water falls like a sheet of glass; while underneath, between the ridges, thousands of plants, with flowers in full bloom, are seen, with millions of humming-birds darting in and out. The chief of the strange tribe is an old man of sixty. The Indians were found to be in a starving condition, subsisting on berries and grass seed. General Miles who says he has heard of these Indians, will investigate their condition, which he has not been able to do heretofore on account of the impossibility of getting a guide to their canon.

A caucus of Republican Senators was held on last Thursday morning for the purpose of agreeing upon an order of business for the remainder of this session of Congress. There was a full attendance of Senators, and Senator Edmunds presided:

The caucus was in session nearly two hours. Nearly every member had a measure which he deemed of sufficient importance to warrant its being placed on the order of business. It was decided however, to limit the programme to the following bills, to be considered in the order named after the report of the conference committee on the Land Grant Forfeiture bill shall have been disposed of:

Anti-Lottery Mail bill to repeal the Timber Culture act, bill to establish private land-claim Courts, bill for the relief of the Supreme Court, bill for the adjustment of claims of laborers, etc., under the Eight-hour law, bill making eight-hours a day's work for laborers, etc in Government employ or employed by contractors doing Government work, bill to transfer the revenue marine service from the Treasury to the Navy Department, the Paddock Pure Food bill, bill for the settlement of claims arising from Indian depredations, Torrey Bankruptcy bill, bill to place telegraph companies under the operation of the Interstate Commerce law and the District of Columbia bills.

A Mother's Sorrow.

Mrs. Keefer, mother of Calvin E. Keefer, who committed suicide in Kelly township last Thursday lives in Union county. Her life has been an exceptionally sad one. She lost one son by a boiler explosion, another was cut in two by a circular saw, a third son met with a serious accident that almost cost him his life, and lastly the death of the other son by his own hand. She has the sympathy of all her neighbors and acquaintances in her afflictions.—Milton Standard.

In Congress.

On Monday the tariff bill was presented to the house and after two hours' debate the senate amendments were non-concurred in—yeas, 120; nays, 82. The bill will now go to conference. Speaker stated that he would not announce the conferees on the part of the house until to-morrow. He said he had not yet determined upon the list.

Mr. Enloe offered his resolution censuring Mr. Kennedy for his speech of September 4, reflecting upon the character of the senate as a body and two senators individually. Mr. Grosvenor raised a point of order that the resolution was to late, that Mr. Kennedy should have been called to order at the time of the utterance. Mr. Enloe opposed this view and Mr. Bayne concurred in Mr. Enloe's remarks, declaring that it was due to the senate that its members should be protected from attacks by members of the house. Mr. Grosvenor suggested that action should be taken by a committee and Mr. Bayne offered an amendment to Mr Mr. Enloe's resolution, directing the public printer to exclude Mr. Kennedy's speech from the *Record*. Pending action the house adjourned.

The bold project of a ship railway to connect the waters of Lake Huron with those of Lake Ontario is now being agitated in lieu of the long proposed ship canal. The distance between these two great lakes is only 68 miles by the proposed route from Georgian Bay to the mouth of the Humbert River, west of Toronto, and it has been figured that a railway, with three tracks of the standard gauge, but with rails weighing from 100 to 110 pounds per yard, could be built for $12,000,000, or about half the cost of a ship canal of the same capacity. The land along the rout reaches a height of 664 feet above Lake Huron, so that there would be some very heavy grades or else some tremendously expensive work necessary.

The proposed route it is said, would save 428 miles of lake navigation and 28 miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal and would enable a propeller to reach Montreal from Quebec in less time than it can reach Buffalo. The expected saving of three days in the time between Chicago and the seaboard is certainly a consideration which would warrant a large expenditure if the project is reasible from an engineering standpoint.

There are 413 species of trees to be found within the limits of the United States and Territories, 16 of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black iron-wood (Condelia ferra), found only in Southern Florida, which is more than 30 per cent heavier than water. Of the other 15, the best known is the lignum vitae (Guiacum sanctum) and the mangrove (Rhizophora mangle). Texas and New Mexico, lands full of queer creeping crawling, walking and inanimate things, are the homes of a species of oak (Quercus grisea) which is about 1¼ times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quick as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of 10,000 feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida or in the arid West or Southwest.

The London correspondent of the New York Times gives the following gloomy outlook for the future of England's poorer classes: "The winter threatens to be the worst for poor people that we have seen in a long time. Although the English wheat yield has been helped somewhat by the recent fine weather, this is hardly more than a drop in the bucket. Potatoes have gone, or are rapidly going all to pieces throughout these islands, and the average of the other food crops is depressingly low. The price of bread in the provinces has already been advanced, and will soon be put up again, and the price of coal is higher than it has been in many years at this season. These are the two great staples of existence among the poor in the winter, and when they are dear human life is correspondingly cheap. What further complicates the outlook is the belief that, owing to the bad harvests and stringency among the farmers, there will be a larger influx than usual of agricultural laborers into London, nominally to seek employment, but really to find company in which to suffer. It is true that thus far trade is very brisk, and that part of England which figures in commercial statistics is undoubtedly making money, but all the same, people are nervous about a social and industrial crisis before the winter ends."

Twelve Years For Murder.

John Pouts, who stabbed Harry V. Johnson on Decoration Day at Huntingdon over a quarrel concerning the possession of a keg of beer, was convicted of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to twelve years in the Western Penitentiary.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licences issued durng the past week at the register's office in Bellefonte:

Geo. W. Grimes and Caroline Delige both of Bellefonte, Pa.

C. E. Pile and Kate Morgan, both of Bellefonte, Pa.

G. W. Allen and Mrs. M. M. Shark, both of Curtin's Works Pa.

J. C. Vanhorn and Marry E. Wilson, of Mt. Eagle, Pa.

Robert McClintick and Lizzie Dibson both of Ashcroft, Clearfield, Co., Pa.

J. C. Sholl, of Altoona, and Sadie J. Williams, of Spring Mills, Pa.

Austin C. Lucas and Sallie A. Yarnell, both of Boggs township.

John H. Wolfort, of Wolf Store, and Bertha A. Wolf, of Logan Mills, Clinton Co., Pa.

Anton Bortesawck and Rozoles Stonewech, both of State College, Pa.

Charles D. Pownell, of Snow Shoe, and Eva Jane Sampsel, of Pleasant Gap, Pa.

Abam Dixon and Mary Park, both of Snow Shoe, Pa.

David C. Miller and Jennie Irvin, both of Bellefonte.

John M. Hartswick and Helen L. Campbell, both of State College.

W. D. Custard, of Pittsburg and Minnie Smeltzer, of Howard.

D. S. Hergesheimer, of Deven, Chester Co., and Carrie Landis, of Bellefonte.

A Word to Delinquents.

The usual time for collections of newspaper subscriptions has arrived and we intend to make a more vigorous effort than usual to secure our outstanding indebtedness. We direct an urgent appeal to the sense of justice of those who have allowed a debt to accumulate on their hands in this respect. How they expect a newspaper to be published without ever paying a cent of their subscription is more than we can decipher. Now, this thing has reached the limits of endurance, and systematic business and book-keeping refuse to longer tolerate such a crying abuse and abominable nuisance. No matter what may be the result this evil will be remedied. But, oft-repeated as such a call has been, we plead once again to each delinquent's honor to give this matter consideration. We do not care to proceed to extreme measures or to part with any of our patrons, but at the same time we consider it our duty to run our business in a business-like way. We hope that all those to whom this article has reference will see the reasonableness of our demands and be prepared to give justice.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* telegraphs that "there is nothing in the tariff bill as it passed the senate which is of benefit to a single Pennsylvania industry, excepting what was put there by the house, with the sole exception of the aid to the sugar refineries. All the other changes made, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, are to the detriment of the State." The fact is our iron, steel and glass men would bear with wonderful equanimity the defeat of tariff legislation at this session unless the house rates are restored in conference. Steel rails are cut down in the senate from $13 44 duty to $11 20; structural steel from $20 17 to $17 62; steel billets from $11 20 to $8 96, with a heavy cut in steel plates, and glassware binding twine and best sugar machinery put on the free list—all of which directly affects Pennsylvania's industries. But then our workmen get their recompense in increased taxes on clothing, carpets, blankets and other necessaries of life.

The ideal magazine should be like a perfect dinner; seasonable, tempting, satisfying, never heavy, each course perfect in itself, with dainty *entrees* and *entremets* to give zest and piquancy, the whole affording such pleasure and satisaction that it leaves a desire for a repetition of the feast. This is the case with Demorest's Family Magazine for October, just received; when one has read it all through (and everyone who takes it up will do so) there is a desire to begin at the beginning and enjoy it all over again.

The October number takes us visiting again, this time to the palatial residence of Senator Hearst of California, and when one has looked through the magnificent illustrations one feels quite at home "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber." The young folks will be interested in "The Game of Golf for Ladies," which is quite new on this side of water; and old and young will read with interest and profit the curious facts about animals embodied in Disguises in Animal Life," and soft-shell crabs will be invested with a new interest after one has read about "The First Armor-Wearers." In fact every page is as good as it can be; Demorest's Family Magazine is the ideal magazine.

But this month there is a special attraction; the new List of Club Premiums. Not only is there a host of handsome as well as useful articles offered including material for an elegant silk dress, but the more than liberal offer is made that if this generous list does not include the thing or things desired the prospective getter-up of a club may write to the publisher stating what would be liked better, and special terms will be made for the coveted article. The offer is unprecedented, anything from a paper of needles to the complete furniture of a house being obtainable without paying out a cent!

Published by W. Jennings Demorest,
15 East 14th St., N. Y.

Delamater was not in attendance at the picnic to expound his (?) love for the farmer.

——Lewins is piling up spring clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfectfits guaranteed.

— Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch always leads.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired,

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 20 cents cash. Reader, can't you send us a few names?

——Sixty Dollars weekly for one order daily; something new for live workers. Chas. L. Webster & Co., Publishers, 3 East 14th St., New York.

——Supt Westfall and several of his lieutenants have pitched their tent along the railroad on the upper part of ground and will remain all week.

There is a rumor afloat that the Patrons are seriously considering the purchase of the field adjoining the park and add about ten acres. Already they find themselves slightly cramped.

Some think the picnic should be held at a time that would avoid the rainy season. The tents can't be had, for earlier dates, is the reason for that.

——Mr J. P. Strehle left for New York and Phila. Tuesday evening, to make his selections of Fall and Winter Millinery, &c. He will return with a complete assortment of the latest and prettiest things in; Pattern Hats, Straw and Felt hats, birds, wings, feathers, &c. &c.

——THE REPORTER for the campaign 20 cents cash, only.

— Our merchants request us to state that they will pay 22 cents for nice fresh butter, but in no case will packed orreworked butter be received at that price.

——The elegant new shoe store, of M Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all age and sexes.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store opposite the Conrad house, is the place or bargains in men and boys' suits.

To Abolish Funerals.

An effort is being made by the state board of health to abolish public funerals especially in instance of contagious diseases. It is claimed that the germs arising from the body circulate the malady and cause epidemics. Ministers are solicited by a circular to give the matter their assistance.

From The Nations Capitol.

Mr. A. N. Hazen, Washington, D. C., says the Famous Red Flag Oil is a perfect family medicine, and has no equal for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cuts, Burns and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

Consumption.—Are you troubled with this terrible disease? If so take healthy exercise, live in open air, use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure and be cured; don't delay. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Married.

HAUGH—SPANGLER.—On the 16, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Harvey B. Haugh, of near Rebersburg, and Annie Spangler, of Tylersville, Pa.

The Only One.

Again it affords us much pleasure to be able to record the fact that the Pittsburg Exposition opened its doors promptly as advertised. The many things to be seen are worthy of much of our space, but we will dwell only one of its kind at the great show. Well may we say it is worthy of comment. We refer with pride to the display of Mr. Max Klein, the wholesale liquor merchant. There you will find a complete distillery in full operation. His Silver Age Rye stands on a pyramid high enough to overlook all other displays: the bbls. and cases show at once the extent of his trades, conveying the impression, than he ships to all parts of the country. His Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies, his imported and domestic wines, brandies and cordials are prominent features. No other liquor house in the country would dare to compete with him in making a display and no other house in his line can or will sell goods as pure and at such reasonable prices. You can leave orders at his stand or apply to him direct for his complete catalogue and price list. Such a house should receive the custom of all who whish fair treatment and to Max Klien 82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa., we can recommend you.

ESTRAY.—CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned about 3 weeks ago, 5 head of sheep—3 ewes and 1 buck. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove same. G. W. REAM,
sep 18 Farmers Mills.

FARM FOR SALE.—IN COLLEGE TOWNship, by the heirs of Joseph Baker, dec'd, Contains
)——(150 ACRES,)——(
one hundred under good cultivation, 20 well timbered—Beautiful for situation,
——GOOD BUILDINGS, GOOD WATER,——
excellent fruit of all kinds, 20 minutes from Oak Hall station.
For terms address F. M. Baker, Dauphin, Pa., or D. S. Keller, Bellefonte, Pa.
4t sep 19

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE OLD HOME.

BY EMILY G. WETHERBEE.

It stands upon the hill-side, with tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead, with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn;
And how the Summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On distant fields of rustling, ripening corn

In the pleasant roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words is said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest!
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasps found memory's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,
We receive our angel mother's good-night kiss? —*Selected.*

TRUSTY JOHN.

Once upon a time there was an old king who was so ill that he thought to himself, "I am most likely on my death-bed." Then he said, "Send Trusty John to me." Now Trusty John was his favorite servant, and was so called because all his life he had served him so faithfully. When he approached the bed the King spake to him. "Most trusty John, I feel my end is drawing near, and I could face it without a care were it not for my son. He is still too young to decide everything for himself, and unless you promise me to instruct him in all he should know, and to be to him as a father, I shall not close my eyes in peace." Then Trusty John answered: "I will never desert him, and will serve him faithfully, even though it should cost me my life." Then the old King said: "Now I die comforted and in peace;" and then he went on: "After my death you must show him the whole castle, all the rooms and apartments and vaults, and all the treasures that lie in them; but you must not show him the last room in the long passage, where the picture of the Princess of the Golden roof is hidden. When he beholds that picture he will fall violently in love with it and go off into a dead faint, and for her sake he will encounter many dangers; you must guard him from this." And when Trusty John had again given the King his hand upon it, the old man became silent, laid his head on the pillow, and died.

When the old King had been carried to his grave, Trusty John told the young King what he had promised his father on his death-bed, and added: "And I shall assuredly keep my word, and shall be faithful to you as I have been to him, even though it cost me my life."

Now when the time of mourning was over, Trusty John said to him: "It is time you should see your inheritance. I will show you your ancestral castle." So he took him over everything, and let him see all the riches and splendid apartments, only the one room where the picture was he did not open. But the picture was placed so that if the door opened you gazed straight upon it, and it was so beautifully painted that you imagined it lived and moved, and that it was the most lovable and beautiful thing in the whole world. But the young King noticed that Trusty John always missed over one door, and said: "Why do you never open this one for me?" "There is something inside that would appall you," he answered. But the King replied: "I have seen the whole castle, and shall find out what is in there;" and with these words he approached the door and wanted to force it open, But Trusty John held him back and said: "I promised your father before his death that you shouldn't see what that room contains. It might bring both you and me to great grief." "Ah! no," answered the young King; "if I don't get in, it will be my certain destruction; I should have no peace night or day till I had seen what was in the room with my own eyes. Now I don't budge from the spot till you have opened the door."

Then Trusty John saw there was no way out of it, so with a heavy heart and many sighs he took the key from the big bunch. When he had opened the door he stepped in first, and thought to cover the likeness so that the King might not perceive it; but it was hopeless; the King stood on tiptoe and looked over his shoulder. And when he saw the picture of the maid, so beautiful and glistening with gold and precious stones, he fell swooning to the ground. Trusty John lifted him up, carried him to bed, and thought sorrowfully: "The curse has come upon us; gracious Heaven! what will be the end of it all?" Then he poured wine down his throat till he came to himself again. The first words he spoke were: "Oh! who is the original of the beautiful picture?" "She is the Princess of the Golden Roof," answered Trusty John. Then the King continued: "My love for her is so great that if all the leaves on the trees had tongues they could not express it; my very life depends on my winning her. You are my most trusty John; you must stand by me."

The faithful servant pondered long how they were to set about the matter, for it was said to be difficult even to get into the presence of the Princess. At length he hit upon a plan, and spoke to the King. "All the things she has about her—tables, chairs, dishes, goblets, bowls, and all her household furniture—are made of gold. You have in your treasure five tons of gold; let the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture them into all manner of vases and vessels, into all sorts of birds and game and wonderful beasts; that will please her. We shall go to her with them and try our luck." The King summoned all his goldsmiths, and they had to work hard day and night, till at length the most magnificent things were completed. When a ship had been laden with them the faithful John disguised himself as a merchant, and the King had to do the same, so that they should be quite unrecognizable. And so they crossed the sea and journeyed till they reached the town where the Princess of the Golden Roof dwelt.

Trusty John made the King remain behind on the ship and await his return. "Perhaps," he said, "I may bring the Princess back with me, so see that everything is in order; let the gold ornaments be arranged and the whole ship decorated." Then he took a few of the gold things in his apron, went ashore, and proceeded straight to the palace. When he came to the courtyard he found a beautiful maiden standing at the well, drawing water with two golden pails. And as she was about to carry away the glittering water she turned round and saw the stranger, and asked him who he was. Then he replied: "I am a merchant;" and opening his apron, he let her peep in. "Oh! my," she cried, "what beautiful gold wares!" She set down her pails, and examined one thing after the other. Then she said: "The Princess must see this, she has such a fancy for gold things that she will buy up all you have got." She took him by the hand and led him into the palace, for she was the lady's maid.

When the princess had seen the wares she was quite enchanted, and said: "They are all so beautifully made that I shall buy everything you have." But Trusty John said: "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing compared to what my master has on his ship; his merchandise is more artistic and costly than anything that has ever been made in gold before." She desired to have everything brought up to her, but he said: "There is such a quantity of things that it would take many days to bring them up, and they would take up so many rooms that you would have no space for them in your house." Thus her desire and curiosity were excited to such an extent that at last she said: "Take me to your ship; I shall go there myself and view your master's treasures."

Then Trusty John was quite delighted, and brought her to the ship; and the King, when he beheld her, saw that she was even more beautiful than her picture, and thought every moment that his heart would burst. She stepped on to the ship, and the King led her inside. But Trusty John remained behind with the steersman, and ordered the ship to push off, "Spread all sail, that we may fly on the ocean like a bird in the air." Meanwhile the King showed the Princess inside all his gold wares, every single bit of it—dishes, goblets, bowls, the birds and game, and all the wonderful beasts. Many hours passed thus, and she was so happy that she did not notice that the ship was sailing away. After she had seen the last thing, she thanked the merchant and prepared to go home; but when she came to the ship's side she saw that they were on the high seas, far from land, and that the ship was speeding on its way under full canvas. "Oh!" she cried, in terror, "I am deceived, arried away and betrayed into the power of a merchant; I would rather have died!" But the King seized her hand and spake: "I am no merchant, but a king of as high birth as yourself; it was my great love for you that made me carry you off by stratagem. The first time I saw your likeness I fell to the ground in a swoon." When the Princess of the Golden Roof heard this she was comforted, and her heart went out to him, so that she willingly consented to become his wife.

Now it happend one day, while they were sailing on the high seas, that Trusty John, sitting on the fore part of the ship, fiddling away to himself, observed three ravens in the air flying toward him. He ceased playing and listened to what they were saying, for he understood their language. The one croaked: "Ah, ha! so he's bringing the Princess of the Golden Roof home." "Yes," answered the second, "but he's not got her yet." "Yes, he has," spake the third, "for she's sitting beside him on the ship." Then number one began again and cried: "That'll not help him! When they reach the land a chestnut horse will dash forward to greet them; the King will wish to mount it, and if he does it will gallop away with him, and disappear into the air, and he will never see his bride again." "Is there no escape for him?" asked number two. "Oh, yes, if some one else mounts quickly and shoots the horse dead with the pistol that is sticking in the holster, then the young King is saved. But who's to know that? and any one who knows it and tells him will be turned into stone from his feet to his knees." Then spake number two: "I know more than that; even if the horse is slain, the young King will still not keep his bride; when they enter the palace together they will find a ready-made wedding shirt in a cupboard, which looks as though it were woven of gold and silver, but is really made of nothing but sulphur and tar; when the King puts it on it will burn him to his marrow and bones." Number three asked: "Is there no way of escape, then?" "Oh, yes!" answered number two; "if some one seizes the shirt with gloved hands and throws it into the fire, and lets it burn, then the young King is saved. But what's the good? any one knowing this and telling it will have half his body turned into stone, from his knees to his heart." Then number three spake: "I know yet more; though the bridal shirt too be burned, the King hasn't then secured his bride; when the dance is held after the wedding, and the young Queen is dancing, she will suddenly grow deathly white, and drop down like one dead, and unless some one lifts her up and draws three drops of blood from her right side, and spits them out again, she will die. But if any one who knows this betrays it, he will be turned into stone from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet." When the ravens had thus conversed they fled onward, but Trusty John had taken it all in, and was sad and depressed from that time forward; for if he were silent to his master concerning what he had heard, he would involve him in misfortune; but if he took him into his confidence, then he himself would forfeit his life. At last he said: "I will stand by my master, though it should be my ruin!"

Now when they drew near the land it came to pass just as the ravens had predicted, and a splendid chestnut horse bounded forward. "Capital!" cried the King, "this animal shall carry me to my palace," and was about to mount, but Trusty John was too sharp for him, and, springing up quickly, seized the pistol out of the holster, and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King, who at no time looked favorably on Trusty John, cried out: "What a sin to kill the beautiful beast that was to bear the King to his palace!" But the King spake: "Silence! let him alone; he is ever my most trusty John. Who knows for what good end he may have done this thing?" So they went on their way and entered the palace, and there in the hall stood a cupboard in which lay the ready-made bridal skirt, looking for all the world as though it were made of gold and silver. The young King went toward it, and was about to take hold of it, but Trusty John, pushing him aside, seized it with his gloved hands, threw it hastily into the fire, and let it burn. The other servants commenced grumbling again, and said: "See, he's actually burning the King's bridal shirt." But the young King spake: "Who knows for what good purpose he does it? Let him alone; he is my most trusty John." Then the wedding was celebrated, the dance begun, and the bride joined in, but Trusty John watched her countenance carefully. Of a sudden she grew deathly white, and fell to the ground as if she were dead. He at once sprung hastily toward her, lifted her up, and bore her to a room, where he laid her down, and kneeling beside her he drew three drops of blood from her right side, and spat them out. She soon breathed again and came to herself; but the young King had watched the proceeding, and not knowing why Trusty John had acted as he did, he flew into a passion, and cried: "Throw him into prison." On the following morning sentence was passed on Trusty John, and he was condemned to be hanged. As he stood on the gallows he said: "Every one doomed to death has the right to speak once before he dies; am I to have this privilege?" "Yes," said the King, "it shall be granted to you." So Trusty John spake: "I am unjustly condemned, for I have always been faithful to you;" and he proceeded to relate how he had heard the ravens' conversation on the sea, and how he had to do all he did in order to save his master. Then the King cried: "Oh! my most trusty John, pardon! pardon! Take him down." But as he uttered the last word Trusty John had fallen lifeless to the ground, and was a stone.

The King and Queen were in despair, and the King spake: "Ah! how ill have I rewarded such great fidelity!" and made them lift up the stone image and place it in his bedroom near his bed. As often as he looked at it he wept and said: "Oh! if I could only restore you to life, my most Trusty John!" After a time the Queen gave birth to twins, two small sons, who throve and grew, and were a constant joy to her. One day when the Queen was at church, and the two children sat and played with their father, he gazed again full of grief on the stone statue, and sighing wailed: "Oh! if I could only restore you to life, my trusty John!" Suddenly the stone began to speak, and said: "Yes, you can restore me to life again if you are prepared to sacrifice what you most hold dear." And the King cried out: "All I have in the world will I give up for your sake." The stone continued: "If you cut off with your own hand the heads of your two children, and smear me with their blood, I shall come back to life." The King was aghast when he heard that he had himself to put his children to death; but when he thought of Trusty John's fidelity, and how he had even died for him, he drew his sword, and with his own hand cut the heads off his children. And when he smeared the stone with their blood, life came back, and Trusty John stood once more safe and sound before him. He spake to the King: "Your loyalty shall be rewarded;" and taking up the heads of the children, he placed them on their bodies, smeared the wounds with their blood, and in a minute they were all right again and jumping about as if nothing had happened. Then the King was full of joy, and when he saw the Queen coming, he hid Trusty John and the two children in a big cupboard. As she entered she said to her: "Did you pray in church?" "Yes," she answered; "but my thoughts dwelt constantly on Trusty John, of and what he had suffered for us." Then he spake: "Dear wife, we can restore him to life, but the price asked is our two little sons; we must sacrifice them." The Queen grew white and her heart sunk, but she replied: "We owe it to him on account of his great fidelity." Then he rejoiced that she was of the same mind as he had been, and going forward he opened the cupboard, and fetched the two children and Trusty John out, saying: 'God be praised!" Trusty John is free once more, and we have our two sons again." Then he related to her all that had passed, and they lived together happily ever afterward.*

*Grimm.

Carleton College Observatory has issued a star catalogue giving the exact places of 644 companion stars," as determined by original Observations. It represents two and a half years work, and is a valuable contribution to astronomical science.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S CHILDREN.

Hark, a voice that cries and calls,
As the summer twilight falls;
Deep with longing, keen with pain,
Sobbing through the summer rain.

"Wake, wake, wake,
Ere my heavy heart doth break!"

'Tis the bird of silver tongue
Singing the summer leaves among,
Calling on her children dead
With the wet leaves overhead;
In the living, leafy wood,
Calling on her silent brood,
Ever still and lifeless born
To the nightingale forlorn.

"Wake, wake, wake,
Waken ere my heart doth break!"

Nightingale of golden throat;
Sobbing forth thy living note;
Were it ours, thy charmed skill,
Might we raise our dead at will,
Is there aught we would not give?
Would we leave, so they might live,
Aught unventured, aught unsaid,
Could they wake the dreams born dead?

THOSE LITTLE WORDS.

Three little words of wondrous power
Changed the world in a single hour!
Three little words, of letters eight,
All in a moment fixed her fate!
Clear as the tones of a silver bell
Into her ear the message fell,
Filling her heart with a strange content,
And echoing every where she went.
Oh, 'twas no wonder her eyes shone bright!
Oh, 'twas no wonder her heart was light,
And her joy so great! for those words so few,
Those three little words were—I Love You!

Some Whims of Decoration.

As we do not build our houses for the sake of providing resting places for ornaments, but rather employ these for the sake of the beauty which they may confer upon our dwellings, it should be a rule of first importance to allow in our rooms nothing (whatever its intrinsic value or charm) that does not add to the harmonious beauty of the room in which it is placed.

One might fancy that such a rule was too evidently a canon of good taste to be mentioned, but who can not recall houses in which it has been so forgotten that they more nearly resemble bric-a-brac shops than tasteful dwellings, so crowded are they with parti-colored wares from every clime, from the barbarous camp kettle of colored glass, hung over a sham fire, to the wilderness of scarves of more or less cost and ugliness which impart an air of artificial untidiness to the neatest of rooms?

The colored glass camp kettle never had an excuse for its hideous existence, but the scarves, if well chosen, and used in moderation and without formality, may be both useful and beautiful. Their employment for decorative purposes followed closely upon a widely copied paragraph telling how a French lady had added point and warmth to the pale blue furnishings of her boudoir by allowing a soft, bright crimson shawl to trail carelessly over the back of her sofa. It seemed a marvelously simple thing to do, this draping of a bit of bright color! And in the course of a few months the "carelessly trailing shawl," transformed into glaringly artificial arrangements of scarves, long or short, wide or narrow, plain or embroidered, coarse or fine, of dull hues or bright, harmonious or not, was seen sprawling about in all sorts of parlors. An easy chair upholstered in crimson, has affixed to the centre of its long suffering back a big bow knot of some half transparent pale pink stuff embroidered with blue, and on either arm are others having a single knot tied carefully near one fringed end, while the other end is stretched out in a beseeching manner toward the one in the middle, the whole arrangement being kept in their positions of affected carelessness by a legion of concealed pins. An easel—which itself is an awkward and out of place article of furniture for a room of moderate dimensions, is stiffly hung with other scarves, and still others are twisted around picture frames, or—with glaring unfitness—are attached to the corners of mantel piece, piano, book case or any other spot where space can be found for them.

A few years ago some one discovered that a narrow shelf with a moulding or tiny rail along its edge, placed around a dining room within a foot or two of the ceiling, made a safe place for the display of china articles too precious for daily use, and too pretty to be hidden away in closets.

Immediately the pretty idea was carried to an extreme, and these shelves were put up every where, and upon them was placed every sort of *curio* and ornamental, or ugly non-descript that may pass under the general name of bric-a-brac. The worst of it is that this arrangement requires an hour or two of careful dusting every day from the top of a step-ladder, or it is perpetually covered with layers of dust ready to fall on the head of any luckless wight who may be passing beneath when an unusual puff of air may dislodge it.

Another whim—now fortunately on the wane—is that of hanging on the parlor walls all sorts of platters and plates. We think it would be within the limits of truth to say that not one piece in five hundred of those so hung is worthy of so conspicuous a position. Few are beautiful, and still fewer are interesting either from unique design or from historic association. For the few that possess interest or value the proper place is not upon parlor walls, but in a cabinet.

And to what place but the garret shall we relegate the spinning wheels and warming pans of a century ago? Are they any more in keeping with our modern parlor furnishings than would be the foot stoves or the looms of a similar date?

Draperies, soft in fabric and harmonious in coloring are beautiful in their proper places, but they are great dust-collectors and we fear that even these are becoming too abundant in our houses. We know an asthmatic who declares that portieres are an invention of the Evil One to heighten her sufferings; so much is she affected by the dust which collects upon them and is disturbed every time that they are moved.

But, however unhealthful they may be, well chosen draperies are beautiful, while the Japanese combinations of beads and bamboo which for a time took the place of curtains in our interior door ways, could not claim to be either pretty or useful. Hung between two well lighted rooms they do not serve as screens, for everything is plainly visible through them; and the drafts that set them to rattling like castanets have free range. The only place where we have seen them of any real service was in a city house, where for economy of space the stairs are placed in a wide hall between the front and near rooms. In order to utilize this space as a music room the stairway was screened with these bamboo and bead hangings falling from the ceiling to the floor in front of the stair rail. As there was no light behind them one could pass up and down the stairs without being observed, while there was sufficient light from the hall way (or music room) to enable the unseen person to move fearlessly. These bamboo and bead ropes have the advantage over draperies that they are easily kept free from dust by passing a damp cloth over them.

HER GOLDEN CASTLE.

The Story of a Bonnet.

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

Once, upon a time, a poor story-spinner builded for herself a shining, golden castle.

"As if story-spinners were not always building castles!"

Ah, but this one was different. It had a tangible being out side the brain of its author.

Don't imagine that I am posing as a rival to Jules Verne or Rider Haggard. While I do not deny that it is to the traffic in fiction that I look for my bread and butter (which, alas, is itself too often fiction) I will vouch for the truth of what I am about to relate.

In the first place, I must blushingly confess myself to be the heroine of this "o'er true tale." It came about in this way, I think. I had availed myself of the privilege acceded even the dollarless woman of doing the openings. With the admiring crowds, I stood gazing at the coquettish hats and loves of bonnets, posed to win the golden opinions and also shekels of my frail sex. Suddenly there burst upon my vision such a dream of beauty that, from that moment, my peace of mind was gone from me. I can not, even now describe it—a bewildering symphony in crimson and gold.

"Here," I soliloquized, "is the bonnet designed by fate for my peculiar style of beauty."

I was seized with an irresistible desire to try it on. I might have asked the privilege, but the haughty mien of Her-salesladyship deterred me. And I went home to wrestle with the problem of a bonnet of gold *sans* a pocket of silver.

I arose, next morning with a look of determination and, of far off victory in my eye. I too would have for myself a golden top sheaf.

From the luxury side of my purse, I drew the solitary piece it contained. In size, it might have been ten dollars; but it was not. The sordid Uncle Sam declared it to be worth five cents. Vulgar people called it a nickel. And yet, it held possibilties. But I had other resources, a certain box, which I drew from its hiding-place, emptying its contents upon the floor.

"It contained?" Well, candidly, "things." From out of this heterogeneous mass, I quickly made my selection. Here was a roll of wire, saved from the rim of a departed sun hat; there, a yard of cotton bobinet, stiff, and fine of mesh; a scant yard of coarse, linen lace, a strip of crimson velvet, thick and rich, and a yard of cream ribbon, with edge of deep crimson. This last, I had joyfully carried away from a bargain counter one day, to find, alas, that I had nothing under the sun with which to wear it. But at last, it's hour of destiny had arrived.

After careful measurement, I constructed, of soft pasteboard, a brim, oblong and narrow, covering it neatly with cheese cloth, that it might tell no tales. To this, I fastened pieces of wire tacking together, where they crossed and, forming a skeleton crown, high in front and sloping to the back. Over this, I drew firmly a piece of bobinet. And lo, I had a frame not less *chic* than that for which the haughty milliner had demanded seventy-five cents.

But the end was not here. Cutting a generous square from the remaining net, I pinned it firmly to a board; and, with a bottle of gold paint and a stiff brush, subjected the net, and also the bit of lace, to a bath of gold, repeating it until both sparkled with the sheen of real bullion. Having invested my cash capital in a ball of tinsel, I powdered the net with tiny rings of the tinsel sewed firmly to it, outlining also the bolder patterns of the lace in this way. The net was soft enough to puff gracefully and stiff enough to retain its shape, covering loosely the skeleton crown.

Over the brim, the crimson velvet was laid in small plaits and the lace stretched tightly above the edge, the ribbon forming a fan-shaped bow at the front.

In an ecstasy of delight, I held it at arms length and gazed upon my materialized dream.

With trembling haste, I fluffed my bangs and, donning my best gown, adjusted my golden castle and sallied forth. As I followed the gentlemanly usher to my chair in the dress circle, a patronizing, Duchess of Marlborough smile illumed my face. True, that haughty artist, Mademoiselle Bonnet strings, was scowling at me from across the aisle; while, behind me, Mrs. De Moneybags was turning green with envy and, wondering how a poor writer of rejected manuscripts could afford imported bonnets. And yet, when the lecture was over, the smile was still there; so also was the bonnet.

It was tormenting the tormenter. It was becoming, and it had cost a nickel.

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.
The rain that trickles down in showers,
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.

There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in a voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove, by their serene estate,
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying,
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about,
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

[*Evangelist.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Every man mines his own brimstone.

If you want to be happy, be thankful.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.

It is not the crown that makes the king.

A good presence is a letter of recommendation.

Look not at adversity with a spirit of mockery.

Grumblers and growlers have no lifting power.

There are hypocrites in vice as well as in virtue.

Where religion is a trade, morality is merchandise.

Success is a coquet, and a bashful lover never wins her.

It is of no use running; to set out betimes is the main point.

The height of fashion and the height of folly are so much alike.

It is as hard to make a weak man upright as it is an empty bag.

He who sues for success don't get it so often as he who demands it.

Conversation should be enlivened with wit, not composed of it.

It is hard work for us to love a man who has no faults nor failings.

If the vanity should leave this world, half the virtue would go with it.

He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends.

There are but very few men whose wisdom lasts them their lives out.

Reform! Reform!" This is too often the watchword of mere charlatans.

It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

The true way to understand the judgments of heaven is to submit to them.

Fewer people would be wicked if they would only stop to think how bad it looks.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world.

We are never in more danger of being laughed at than when we are laughing at others.

The easiest way to bear your own troubles is to try to lighten those of other people.

Business has come to be a buying what one does not want, and selling what one has not got.

Flattery is just like anything else we deal in—the supply is always regulated by the demand.

Mankind are all stamped equal at their birth. Virtue alone the difference makes on earth.

Very few girls marry "the best man." They generally take "the bridegroom for better or worse."

Listeners are not after the good they will hear of themselves, but the bad they hear of others.

If none of your neighbors seem to have much religion, it is a sure sign that you need more yourself.

Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair, but love can hope where reason would despair.

Although the world is full of liars, there are but few men who don't prefer to listen to the truth.

Free living leads to free thinking, free thinking leads to free loving, and free loving leads to the devil.

Ambition is like a tread-wheel—it knows no limits; you no sooner get to the end of it than you begin again.

The art of becoming of importance in the eyes of others is not to overrate ourself, but to cause them to do it.

It is dreadful easy to mistake what we think for what we know. This is the way that most of the lies are born.

We have never seen anybody that didn't make mistakes, except babies, and they always died early.

The worst education which teaches self denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

No man ever got his bread by preaching wisdom. Philosophy is a good thing to preach, but a poor thing to live on.

The higher and more consecrated the individual life, the clearer will be its recognition of God's help and guidance.

Good breeding seems to be the art of being superior to most people, and equal to all, without letting them know it.

Encourage such innocent amusements as may disembitter the minds of men and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfactions.

When a man is kind to a woman she forgets he was ever cross, and when a woman is cross to a man he forgets she was ever kind.

No matter how poor a man may be, he may still have the comforting thought that his skeleton is worth $20 to any medical college in the land.

Money to man is like water to a plant, only useful as long as it promotes and facilitates growth—like water in the fountain or water in the tank, keep it flowing, and it blesses; keep it stagnant, and it injures.

How wonderful that this one narrow foothold of the present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encountering tides of the long Past and the infinite To:come!

It is impossible to remove the vast difference in wealth and luxury which has existed in all civilized nations between different classes of the community; but the truest happiness and most real pleasures are, or might be within the reach of all.

Without love life is scarcely worth living; with it, the worst blows of fortune fall comparatively muffled and harmless. So long as we love and are beloved, we can bear the whips and stings with stoical equanimity. When love fails us, or the beloved is taken from us, then are our armor of pride, or defence, and our safeguard gone.

ABOUT THE FARM.

Hints for Farmers and Busy Housewives to Appreciate.

Fowls need careful attention at this season if they are expected to lay during cold weather. Put them through the moulting season as quickly as possible by good feeding and plenty of exercise, taking care not to fatten them. Whole wheat is excellent for them, provided it is placed among chaff and rubbish so that they must scratch for it. The early Spring pullets will probably begin to lay when they are five or six months old. If the laying habit is formed at this early age egg production is increased, and the fowl becomes more valuable for future years.

The careful economy shown by many owners of village and city lots in utilizing vacant spaces is a lesson to many who own more land than they can properly work, and allow waste places to go unused about the house and other buildings. These are, indeed, just the places for grape vines, especially if trellises are built, so that the vines need not cling to the buildings or run over the roofs. If there is little vacant land at the bottom run the trellis higher. Roots will run and thrive under stone or brick walls, and a crop of grapes may thus be grown from land that is capable of producing nothing else.

The pruning of Tea and hybrid roses should be left until early in Spring. Rose plants having flexible shoots should be bent down and fastened to the ground by pegging. Then, at the approach of severe weather, they can be covered with leaves and straw, over which a little soil can be be placed to keep them in position, or some brush laid over the litter, and stones on them will keep it in place. Strong-stemmed rose plants can be strawed up and thus protected. Drawing the soil up eighteen inches or more in a mound about the base of a rose plant will effectually protect the lower part of it, and if the upper part should be injured it can be cut away in the Spring.

London has this year the luxury of strawberries five or six weeks, and now talks of getting this fruit from France and Spain to further protect the season. The immense area and great variety of climate of this country give Americans much longer seasons in fruit than are common anywhere else. All along the coast fruit is brought successfully from Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Delaware and New Jersey, and returning it comes from Nova Scotia and Maine southward. Railways now extend from Manitoba to our northwest to New Orleans, and when the problem of cheaper transportation is solved, will give the residents of the Mississippi Valley more fruit luxuries than any other people ever before enjoyed.

It is useless to sow wheat when the soil is not in proper condition. To be in condition it should be compacted and moist near the surface. If the soil has been hardened by heavy rains do not try to mend it. Drill the seed in as shallow as possible, so as to cover the grain, and if not all covered drag it and then leave it. Wheat thus sown is more likely to stand the Winter than if the land was plowed up and made so mellow that the seed is necessarily covered to a greater depth. But so long as dry weather continues, keep the wheat seed out of the ground. It is better to sow late with the soil in proper condition, than to get a large and unnatural growth in dry, hot weather. It is to be always remembered that wheat needs a moist, cool climate, and seeding should be delayed until this can be obtained.

It may not generally be known, but it is nevertheless true, that there is a forestry division in the department of agriculture. We hear little of it, and practically it accomplishes nothing. A committee of the American Forestry Congress estimated that thirty billion feet of lumber were taken from our forests during 1888. With the vast fires that have raged during 1889 in Oregon, Idaho, Washington, Montana and California, it is impossible to calculate with accuracy the amount of timber used and destroyed, but the destruction of forests certainly has been larger than is commensurate with safety for the future.

Our people have never been characterized by the provinciality that prevents one country from learning by the experience of another. Therefore it it is wise to know what other nations are doing in this regard. Russia knows the value of the forest, and in sections where trees are sparse, forbids the use of wood for fuel on railroads and steamboats. France and Germany have well organized forestry departments, and the expense attached to operating them is considered a wise governmental economy. It is reported that British India has a forestry department of great value. The expense of operating this department for Lower Burmah for 1888 was $516,345, from which the government received a net income of $593,345. This money was expended for surveys, protection from fire, supervision of the losses, etc.

The sum allowed by the United States for the conduct of our forestry department is $75,000 per annum. It can be fairly estimated that to build our present railroad system more than 100,000,000 acres, or one-fifth of our present forest area, were stripped during the last fifty years, and the next fifty will very likely call for more than double that amount, and it is quite true that the annual consumption of the forests equal twice the amount of material supplied by annual growth. A large expenditure is necessary to handle the matter properly, but like subsidizing American steamship companies, it is an output of a million to bring in five million.

The clematis, next to the rose, bids fair to become the popular flowering plant of the day. It is entirely hardy, a rapid climber and a most profuse bloomer. The colors embrace the most beautiful tints, purple, lavender, scarlet and white, some of the flowers in the larger blooming varieties being quite six inches or more in diameter, and very showy. With careful training a strong plant will attain to a considerable height the first season, often covering an entire frame or trellis, and whether trained over lattice work or pillars or left trailling upon the ground, their large, star-shaped flowers are produced in the greatest numbers from the last of May to October. Old rockbeds are a capital place for this rapid climber, and several varieties planted together and clambering over the rough surface of the rocky heap will soon turn it into a gorgeous mass of rich bloom.

Prof. Patrick of the Iowa Agricultural Experimental Station, has discovered a cheap, easy, simple and valuable process by which to test the per cent of butter fat in milk. At the State Fair, it was by his test, added by other scientific men, that the contest was settled between the cows which were contesting for the premium. We saw Prof. Patrick go through the whole process, and it was done in a few minutes, and to the satisfaction of all close and scientific observers. It certainly is the true way. But the richness of the milk should not and probably was not the exclusive evidence of the superiority of the cow for milk and butter. The per cent of the butter fat in the milk of the various contestants should be multiplied by the quantity each cow gives in a certain time. Prof. Patrick's test is destined to greatly simplify and render exact the settlement of this question.

There has been an immense increase in the use of oats as an article of diet in the past score of years. It is becoming an almost indispensible article in many families. And we frequently come across persons who never admired, but still more who have eaten, but become disgusted with it. It is seldom any can be found which can be relished at public hotels. The almost universal fault is in cooking it too little. Oat meal needs thorough cooking, and when it is not done people become disgusted with and abandon its use. After a constant use of it for twenty years, scarcely doing without it for a single breakfast when at home, where it was to be had cooked thoroughly, frequently visitors at our table first decline to take it, but after being urged find it very palatable, and want to know where such oat meal can be had. They had never tasted any like it. Oat meal should be cooked at least one hour.

Cholly—"Fweddy, old boy, what are you wearing those big spectacles for?"

Fweddy—"Because all the snobs, don't y' know, weah a single eyeglawss. I weah these labge spectacles to let 'em know I'm not a doosid snob, bah Jove!"

Justice holds the scales in her hands all right enough, but the trouble is she often has scales over her eyes as well.

Street-car conductor (to driver)—"I wonder what that man is running so for." Driver (looking back)—"Mebby the fool wants ter git on. G'lang."

WILLETS—"Whatever became of young Ponsberry, the poet who used to go around here with his head in the clouds.

MILLETS—"He is still at it. He is a circus aeranaut at present."

If the truth were known many a boastful soldier has never been under fire except when discharged from the army.

The Census

May Not Please You, But You Will be Fully Satisfied With

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Are the Oldest Family Standard.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, without mercury or other injurious mineral. Safe and sure always. For sale by all Druggists. Full printed directions for using with each package. Dr. Schenck's new book on The Lungs, Liver and Stomach SENT FREE. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WM. FITCH & CO.,
102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.
PENSION ATTORNEYS
of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. ☞No FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.
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PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill Is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks Free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, late, Washington, D. C.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous Success.
Insane Persons Restored.
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS FRAUDS!

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. Employ the old reliable firm. J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

HE WANTED AN ORDER—Messenger Boy (to Mr Snips, the tailor,)—I want the vest Mr. Plumtip left to be rebuttoned.

Mr. Snips—Can't get it without an order.

M. B.—Mr. Plumtip gave me a verbal order last night

Mr. S.—Give me the verbal order, then, and you shall have the vest.

LIVING IN GREAT HOPES—Alice—O, Maud, I have had some tickets for to-night's concert given me. Shall you be engaged this evening?

Maud—I think it quite likely, if Mr. Getthare makes as much progress towards proposing as he did last night.

AN ACT OF CHARITY.—Johnny—"Can't I have another penny?"

Mother—"You extravagant boy! What did you do with the one I just gave you?"

Johnny—"I gave it to a poor old woman with only one eye."

Mother—"That was a good boy. Here, you can have another penny."

Johnny (next day)—"Can I have a penny to give to that poor old woman to-day?"

Mother—"Yes, you can have one. What do you want to give it to her for?"

Johnny—"For a stick of candy."

IT WAS OF GOOD MATERIAL.—"I'd like to ask how you killed this chicken," said the homeless young man to his landlady.

"Why, the girl cut its head off, of course."

"With a hatchet?"

"To be sure; you seem uncacountably interested."

"No, but I would like to know where you buy your hatchets."

Jinks—"That young lady may be a fine pianist, as you say, but there is no warmth to her touch."

Blinks—"I guess you didn' hear her play the Moonlight Symphony?"

Jinks—"No; but I squeezed her hand."

WHAT HE NEEDED.—"Whatever you do," said the old medical practitioner to the young man who was just entering the profession, "don't get discouraged."

"You mean I must have patients, I presume," said the young man, who was of a practical turn of mind.

A DESIRABLE QUALITY—Managing Editor—Don't you think, sir, this joke about the butter is a little thin?

The Humorist—I hope so, sir.

Managing Editor—Hope so? May I ask why?

The Humorist—I want it to spread well.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free: all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street New York.

Instead of paying the clergyman a cash fee a bridegroom the other day presented to the divine who officiated a set of vestments and an ecclesiastical ring engraved on the inside to commemorate the occasion.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

A traveler in Japan writes that the Japanese pay more attention to personal cleanliness than any other people in the world. High and low bathe at least once a day and sometimes oftener.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

"Old Chabert," one of the best known socialist speakers in Paris, died recently. He spent his days denouncing capitalists, and always appeared in public wearing a blood red scarf.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

An Indiana cow, five years old, has given birth to eight calves. At three years of age she gave birth to quadruplets and the two following years to twins.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

The cultivation of sugar cane in this country began in 1751 near New Orleans. The first sugar mill was erected in 1758.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

A new cannon just made by Krupp is forty-two feet long, can be fired twice a minute, and throws a two thousand pound shot twelve miles.

Dobbins' Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly pure*. Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it *now*.

It is estimated that the number of passengers carried by all the railroads in the world averages six million five hundred thousand a day.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two to three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

There is a dog in Philadelphia that has a mania for tearing off door-knobs and plates and wrecking the woodwork of the doors generally.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Willie, aged ten and Jemmy, aged six, were playing together. One of them was minutely examining a fly.

"I wonder how God made him!" he exclaimed.

"God don't make flies as carpenters make things," observed the other boy; "God says, 'Let there be flies,' and there is flies."

"I called to see about some verses called 'Burning Words' I sent here six weeks ago." "I remember them. They were too realistic—actually took fire."

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HIS ABILITY RECOGNIZED—"So you want a situation as conductor, do you?" said the President of the road.

"Yes, sir," the applicant replied.

"Have you the necessary qualifications for such a responsible position?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose your train should meet with a serious disaster, in which a number of passengers would be killed and a large amount of property be destroyed, what action would you take in such a case?"

"I would telegraph to the newspapers that the accident was of little importance, and then send word to the president of the road to sell the stock short."

"H'm" replied the President, "I'm afraid those are not the proper qualifications for a good conductor, but you are a man of ability, I see. We want a first class superintendent. You can consider yourself engaged as superintendent of the road at a salary of $10,000 a year."

Sweet Girl—Mother, Mr. Nicefellow is coming to take me out riding this afternoon. I may go mayn't I?

Mother—If he drives up with a span of spirited horses you may go, but if he comes with that broken down old nag he had last time you shant.

"Why, mother. I didn't suppose you would ever have such foolish pride."

"My dear, a young man who comes with a pair of spirited horses expects to drive with both hands."

THE WAYS OF ART—"The ways of art are rough, that's a fact," said one young painter to another.

"What reminded you of it?"

"I determined to try to earn a little money by getting up pictures for advertisers."

"With what success?"

"A patent medicine man told me to keep on painting for private galleries a while longer, and maybe I'd get enough style about my work to make it acceptable for his purpose."

Never Surpassed.

Intemperance, gluttony, exposure, excess and evil habits of all sorts vitiates the blood, taxes the vital force and embraces the functions of the important organs of digestion, nutrition and excretion. The body becomes disordered and sick and the healthy action of nature is hindered centuries ago, the old monks who were the wise doctors found the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills the best aid to nature by stimulating the torpid liver, kidneys, skin and bowels. A sample of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

"The tallest schoolgirl in the world" lives at Riednaun, Sterzing, in the Swiss Tyrol. She is in her eleventh year, and is about six feet high.

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory, worth $300. England consumes 650 tons, for which it is necessary to kill 12,000 elephants a year.

PENSIONS NEW LAW CLAIMS. Apply to Milo B. Stevens & Co. Attorneys, 1419 F St., Washington, D. C. Branch Offices, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

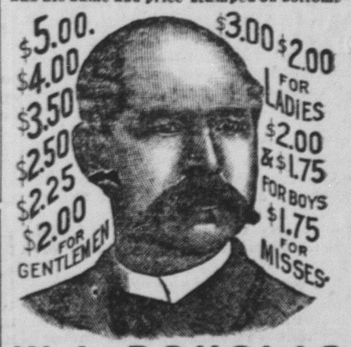
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief in Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

On the mend—the consumptive who's not bereft of judgment and good sense. He's taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If taken in time and given a fair trial, it will effect a cure. Consumption is Lung-scrofula. For Scrofula, in its myriad forms, and for all Liver, Blood and Lung diseases, the "Discovery" is an unequalled remedy. It's the only *guaranteed* one. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you get your money back. You only pay for the good you get.

"Discovery" strengthens Weak Lungs, and cures Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections. Don't be fooled into taking something else, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit. There's nothing at all like the "Discovery." It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion. As peculiar in its curative effects as in its composition. Equally good for adults or children.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER
Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. Prevents and cures all diseases. If you can't get it, we send by mail post-paid. One pack. 25c. Five $1. 1 1-4 lb. can $1.20; 1 can $2. Express paid. Testimonials free. Send stamps or cash. Farmers' Poultry Guide (price 25c.) free with $1.00 orders or more. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Send address on postal for valuable information.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y. We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. Trade Mark. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE CELLULOID MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

"He had small skill o' horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take ordinary soaps for house cleaning.
THE PROPER THING
is SAPOLIO
—Try a cake of it, and be convinced.—

Common Soap fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house cleaning and scouring.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 18.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The President Enjoying Himself and in No Hurry to Leave.

AN EXTRA SESSION IS POSSIBLE

Probability That It Will Be Called to Consider Measures of Great Importance—Grand Army of the Republic Men Desire His Presence at a Celebration in Pittsburg.

CRESSON SPRINGS, Pa., Sept. 16.—The president is in receipt of several invitations to visit different parts of the state, but he has not as yet accepted any of them. He received a visit last night from a committee headed by Col. Joseph F. Denniston, representing the Grand Army posts of Pittsburg, who are anxious to have the president participate in the celebration of the Grand Army at Rocky Point, near Pittsburg, on Wednesday next. The Grand Army post of Tyrone, Pa., has notified him of its intention to visit him on Wednesday. While not making a positive engagement to be here on the arrival of the veterans, a reply has been made to the effect that he will be glad to see them at any time, but as he contemplates making several trips about the mountains by rail during the week he may not be at his cottage when they arrive. As the proposed trips will not keep the president away from Cresson over night, however, the delay will not in any event be very great. It has been suggested to the post that the president will be at Cresson at 10 a. m. to-morrow, and it is quite probable that the reception will be arranged for that hour.

To Visit Points of Interest.

Private Secretary Halford today notified Mr. George Boyd that the president will be ready at any time to accept the invitations which have been extended him to visit the points of interest along the Pennsylvania railroad in this vicinity. It is quite likely that Mr. Boyd will reach here today, prepared to give the members of the family a series of pleasant outings. These excursions will occupy nearly a day each, and will take in, among other points, Johnstown, Pa., Rhododendron park, on the Bell's Gap railroad, the famous Horseshoe Bend, and probably Clearfield, Pa.

In No Hurry to Return.

Hon. John W. Mason, commissioner of internal revenue, visited the president by invitation yesterday. The two gentlemen had a long conversation on current topics, and arranged to fill several vacancies which exist in the internal revenue service.

Mr. Mason left for Washington after the interview.

The president has decided that he will not return to Washington this week unless he is obliged to do so on account of pressing public business.

Will There Be an Extra Session?

President Harrison brought with him from Washington a budget of data referring to the river and harbor bill. When the river and harbor bill reaches him he will be prepared to consider it and reach a prompt decision.

It has not yet been learned here whether or not the bill has been approved by Speaker Reed. There are good reasons for stating that President Harrison has not yet definitely determined whether or not it will be necessary to call an extra session of congress. He has been urged to do so by a number of Republican leaders with a view to giving more time for consideration of the federal election bill, and the belief prevails in well informed circles that he is still seriously considering the question.

REED IS ELECTED.

The Speaker's Constituents Give Him an Increased Majority.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—In the election in this state yesterday Governor Burleigh (Rep.) and the four Republican congressmen, Reed, Dingley, Milliken and Boutelle were re-elected.

Forty-eight out of fifty-three towns in the First district give Reed 16,091, Frank 11,339. Reed's plurality 4,752, against 2,439 in 1888. The remaining towns are small and will not materially change these figures.

There is great enthusiasm in the city over Reed's election, and a big meeting was held in city hall last night, with an address by Reed.

In Biddeford the Democratic vote fell off 300, Reed carrying the city by 55.

LEWISTOWN, Me., Sept. 10.—The Journal's returns from 338 towns are: Burleigh 57,574, Thompson 39,368, Clark (Pro.) 2,092. Republican plurality, 18,226. The same towns in 1886 gave 16,915 Republican plurality.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 12.—The Advertiser has full returns for representatives in ten counties in Maine and part returns from the remaining six. They indicate a Democratic gain of 12 representatives, making the house stand 113 Republicans to 38 Democrats. The senate stands 4 Democrats, 27 Republicans.

A Theatrical Manager Married.

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Mr. James H. Meade, a gentleman well known in theatricals in America, and who is at present manager of the Blue Beard, Jr., organization at the Chicago Opera house, was united in marriage to Mrs. S. P. McC. Edson, of New York. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, No. 201 West Forty-first street, New York.

Lively Shooting Affray.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 16.—At Newbern, Hale county, Sunday evening, Glen Duckin and Robert Turpin, who had previously quarreled, met on the street and immediately began firing revolvers at one another. Each fired five times. Turpin fell dead and Duckin is so badly wounded that he cannot live.

Four Prisoners Break Jail.

HOPE, Ark., Sept. 13.—Four prisoners escaped from jail here by sawing iron bars and are still at large. One of the number, McCarthy, is a noted desperado from the Indian territory. After leaving the prison he stole a horse and continued his flight.

WAS IT MURDER?

Fears That Hamilton Has Met with Foul Play.

EVA AFFECTED BY THE NEWS.

Hints That His Death in the Far West May Not Have Been Accidental—Accounts of the Affair Very Mysterious and Meager. Who Will Get the Estate?

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Gen. Schuyler Hamilton, father of Robert Ray Hamilton, was seen at the Windsor hotel yesterday. The old gentleman seemed to be completely prostrated by the news of the death of his son. "I knew nothing definite about the matter," he said, "until I read of it in the papers. Last Saturday night rumors reached here that he had met with an accident, but I could not verify them, as I did not know exactly where he was, and did not know the address of his friends in the west. I thought that the story was canard, so when I read authentic news the shock came on me without preparation. The papers say that young Mr. Green, who found Ray's body in Snake river, notified his relatives. If he did, the notification did not reach me or any of my family. I supposed up to this time that my son was regaining his health and strength on his ranch, and would be back in New York in November. I had received absolutely no private information about the drowning, if drowning it was."

Foul Play Suggested.

Then Gen. Hamilton ceased talking for a minute or two, and fell into deep thought. "Isn't it possible," he resumed, "that there might be foul play in Ray's death? Understand, I do not make such an assertion, but the accounts of his death which I have read in the papers are extremely mysterious and unsatisfactory. I have telegraphed several times to Helena, Mont., but I have got no news from there. Nor can I learn anything from Root & Clark, my son's counsel. I haven't even an idea where the body is now. The papers say it was taken to the ranch, but that was several weeks ago, and it must have been finally disposed of since then."

Ignorant of His Movements.

Speaking of his recent relations with his son, Gen. Hamilton said: "I have known little of Ray's acts since he became involved with this woman Eva. I knew he went to Montana, but where he went or what were his intentions I did not know. Since the Atlantic City occurrence he has kept to himself, his closest friends seeing little of him. Of his financial affairs and his suit for the annulment of his marriage I know nothing except what I have read in the papers: I cannot say whether or not the suit will be pusned. That matter is entirely in the hands of his counsel. He never spoke about it to me."

Eva Hears the News.

Eva Hamilton is terribly prostrated over the news of her husband's tragic death. The news was taken to the prison at midnight by two reporters, and Mrs. Hamilton was informed early this morning by Mrs. E. B. Wilson, the matron who has charge of the women's wing at night. Eva broke out crying and for a long time would not be consoled. Keeper Patterson asked her if she would be willing to see the reporters and make a statement of any kind, and she begged that no one should be allowed to see her. She said she had had enough of newspaper notoriety. Keeper Patterson respected this request and would not permit any one to see her this morning.

Who Will Get the Money?

She persists that she is the lawful widow of Robert Ray and is confident that her lawyers will get her a wife's share in his estate. She says the fight will be made if there is any opposition to her claims.

The child Beatrice, the baby whom Eva Hamilton declared was the offspring of Robert Ray Hamilton, is still under the care of Mrs. Roup, in Philadelphia. Who will get the $40,000 a year, at which figure the Robert Ray Hamilton estate is valued, is now the great question.

A Double Shooting.

CLINTON, Ia., Sept. 16.—A stranger in Grand Mound yesterday asked where the residence of Mr. Langdon, a contractor for the Chicago and Northwestern railroad was. He was directed to the house, and at the door asked for Mrs. Langdon, whom he shot and killed as she came toward him. Mr. Langdon immediately shot the stranger and fatally wounded him. Further particulars have not been obtained further than Mr. Langdon says he does not know who the man is. Mr. Langdon came here recently from St. Louis to take charge of laying a double track on the Chicago and Northwestern road.

A Schooner Missing.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 16.—The steamer Columbia arrived here this morning and reports her consort, the schooner Comrade, missing. The barge and tow left Ashland on Friday night. About two hours out they encountered a fierce gale and heavy seas. The Comrade parted the tow line on Saturday morning, twenty miles northwest of the Portage canal and has not since been seen. It is feared she has gone down with all on board. She carried 1,600 tons of ore and a crew of eight men and belonged to Gilchrist, of Vermillion. She rated A1 and was valued at $40,000.

To Honor Boyle O'Reilly.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—An adjourned meeting of the John Boyle O'Reilly committee was held at the Parker house yesterday, John P. Collins presiding. The sub-committees submitted a form for public subscription, which was adopted. The treasurer of the committee is Asa P. Potter, and he, with the remaining members of the committee, were authorized to receive subscriptions. The form of the memorial has not been decided upon, and will depend largely on the amount of subscriptions received.

Spurious Silver Certificates.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 13.—Within the last two days three counterfeit $2 silver certificates have turned up in this city, indicating a probable attempt to flood the city with the spurious notes.

Reception to Archbishop Corrigan.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—A reception was tendered Archbishop Corrigan this morning at St. Patrick's cathedral. The bishop and priests of the diocese participated in the ceremonies.

ERICSSON IN SWEDEN.

The Body of the Great Engineer in the Land of His Birth.

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 15.—The body of Ericsson was removed from the United States steamer Baltimore yesterday, and conveyed ashore in a royal barge, which was plainly draped in black. Upon landing, the casket was carried by sailors of the Baltimore to the pavilion specially erected to receive it. The governor of Stockholm received the body. After the brief formal remarks attending the transfer, the body was escorted by an enormous procession to the railway station. The cortege was headed by the official representatives of the king, the crown prince, the American minister to Sweden and Denmark, the officers of the Baltimore, bodies of infantry, cavalry and many distinguished Swedish officials and citizens. At the station the body was placed in an elaborately draped carriage and conveyed by special train to Filipstad, near the great engineer's birthplace. Here the body will lie in state until the public funeral and interment.

It is estimated that 100,000 people witnessed the transit of the body from the Baltimore to the railway station. Minute guns were fired from the shore forts and the Baltimore's guns wile the body was being landed. Admiral Peyromhead, of the Swedish navy, was in command of the funeral barge and accepted the body for conveyance ashore. The harbor was a mass of flags, vessels of all nations doing honor to the dead. The quays and the streets leading to the railway station were thronged with people, who uncovered their hands and maintained a respectful demeanor.

To-morrow the Baltimore's officers will be entertained at official banquets and receive other honors at the hands of the representatives of the grateful people. On every side praise of the American people and government is heard. On Wednesday the officers of the Baltimore will dine with the king at the royal palace at Drothningholm.

$10,000 on Bogus Mortgages.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—Warrants have been issued for the arrest of Franklin S. Dickson, a young lawyer, on the charge of forgery, and having swindled the Sexennial League out of $10,000 by means of bogus deeds. The officers have so far failed to find him, and it is believed that he has left the city. Dickson's operations extend over the past sixteen months. The league loaned Dickson money, taking mortgages as security. The league recently decided on a new system of investment, and an examination of the papers necessary to make the change disclosed the fact that the deeds were utterly worthless. The officials of the league say they will not lose much as Dickson was under a bond to them.

The Flood at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 13.—The floods that have prevailed along the Chemung river during the past few days have swollen the Susquehanna river at this place to an unusually high point. The water is sixteen feet above the recognized summer line and is still rising. Should it rise two feet more all communication with points on the west side of the river along the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad will be cut off. A large portion of the low lands is already submerged, causing great loss to farmers who have not harvested their late crops.

Havoc in the Lebanon Valley.

MYERSTOWN, Pa., Sept. 16.—The Lebanon valley has been flooded with rain during the past forty-eight hours and much damage has been done. Lightning struck a number of places in this borough. The Myerstown national bank and Franklin house were struck. At the latter place John Knabel and Robert Huber were removing the spouting from a cistern, when both were prostrated by an electric shock. Huber was rendered unconscious and Knabel was badly stunned, but both are recovering.

Mrs. Randolph Found Guilty.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Sept. 11.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Sarah Randolph, charged with soliciting the murder of W. S. Foltz, president of the First National bank of this place, returned a verdict of guilty. She was remanded for sentence. During the trial nothing was developed to disclose the motive for desiring the murder of Foltz. Within fifteen minutes of the time she received her sentence her only son, William, a married man, aged 40, fell under a passing train and was fatally injured.

Crushed by an Engine.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 15.—John Carnell, a septuagenarian, of 2219 North Sixth street, suffering from dementia, walked in front of a drill engine at the Pennsylvania railroad depot, in Camden, and was crushed to death. His niece, Miss Mary A. Carnell, of Glassboro, who was with him, in trying to save him, had a miraculous escape from the same fate. The young girl fell by the side of the track and the wheels ran over a pocketbook which had slipped from her hand in the fall.

Fatally Slashed with a Knife.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 15.—Alexander Hickett, aged 19 years, was found lying in a dying condition, yesterday, near the Quarry hotel in Georgetown. He had been slashed all over the body with a sharp knife and across his abdomen was a gash exposing his intestines. The ground near the spot indicated that a desperate struggle had taken place. John Shannon, who was seen with Hickett at a late hour Saturday night, has been arrested on suspicion of having inflicted the fatal wounds.

Two McKeesporters Missing.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., Sept. 13.—Ralph, a 17-year-old son of Joseph Campbell, of this city, has been missing since Saturday last, and no traces of him can be found. Foul play is feared. Oscar Wild, an Englishman, who worked as a butcher, and who disappeared several weeks since, has not been heard from either.

Thrown Off and Run Over.

SLATINGTON, Pa., Sept. 15.—Arthur Beckensdorf, a brakeman on the Lehigh Valley railroad, was sitting on the step of a caboose eating his lunch when an engine, which was pushing several cars, came forcibly against it. The sudden jar threw him off and several cars passed over his body.

United Bethren Conference.

SCOTTDALE, Sept. 13.—The annual convention of the Allegheny conference of the United Brethren church will begin here next Wednesday in the new church of that faith. It will remain in session about ten days. Over 100 delegates and ministers are expected.

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FATAL MINE EXPLOSION.

One Man Killed and Another Seriously Wounded.

WILKESBARRE, Sept. 13.—An explosion of gas occurred yesterday in the South Wilkesbarre shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company. Five men are reported to have been killed and several injured. It is reported by parties near the opening that twelve men are in the mine and that a fire is raging similar to that of last March. If this should be the case there is slim hope of any one at work when the explosion occurred escaping alive.

But one man, George Ford, was killed in the explosion. Isaac Jones was badly injured. The gas was ignited by Ford, who dropped his safety lamp from the carriage on which he was descending. The excitement was intense until the rescuing party who went down were hoisted to the top. They brought with them the six men who were in the slope at work, including Jones, the man injured. Ford's body has not yet been recovered.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 16.—The body of George Ford, a miner, was found yesterday. His lamp had set fire to gas in No. 3 shaft, at South Wilkesbarre, last Friday. At the time Ford was standing on the edge of the bucket, which was of iron, eight feet high, and hung in the shaft 200 feet from the bottom. It was supposed that the shock threw him to the bottom, and, as the shaft was badly wrecked, the bucket was not drawn to the surface. Workmen descended and made an examination of the bucket, which was still hanging midway in the shaft, and Ford's body was found in it badly crushed.

Church Contest Decided.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 12.—Howard C. Shirk, of this city, who was appointed master in chancery by Judge McPherson in 1886 to take testimony in the equity suit brought by St. Paul's Reformed church, commonly known as Klopp's church, in Bethel township, this county, against the officers of said church, has filed his report and decided against the plaintiffs. This establishes it as a Lutheran and Reformed "union" church, with each denomination having the right to use the building for divine services. Hundreds of witnesses were examined during the four years of litigation, and the costs and lawyers' fees amount to thousands of dollars. The quarrel was waged with much bitterness, and a large district of Lebanon county has been involved in the contest.

Miners Gain a Victory.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 12.—At the adjourned conference of the miners and operators held here the report of the committee of seven from each side was taken up for action. The scale presented by the miners, with but few changes, has been adopted by the operators. The conference sanctioned the report and the difficulty is at an end. The miners gained a complete victory. The scale will affect all miners in the district representing Clearfield, Centre, Cambria, Huntingdon, Blair, Jefferson and Indiana counties.

Lawsuit Settled.

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 12.—The Logan, Emory & Weaver suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad company was settled yesterday. When court convened the plaintiff's counsel informed the court that they had agreed upon a settlement, and the case was dismissed. The basis of the settlement is not made public. Both sides claim a victory. The suit has been pending three years and was for $317,000 damages for discrimination on freight rates.

Looks Like a Murder.

READING, Sept. 12.—Near Pottstown yesterday morning the body of an unknown man was found on Reading railroad premises with a hole in the back of his head. There is a supposition that he was murdered, and a stranger named Frank Kelly, of Philadelphia, was locked up in the afternoon, the authorities believing that he knows something of the man's death. Kelly refuses to talk. When last seen the two men were together.

Mrs. Miller Acquitted.

TOWANDA, Pa., Sept. 15.—In the case of Mrs. Miller, on trial here for murder, the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty. As soon as the words of acquittal had left the clerk's mouth a storm of applause arose from the crowd, and Judge Sittser had to threaten arrest to any person who made a further disturbance. Mrs. Miller arose, shook hands with her counsel, kissed her little girl, and walked out of the court a free woman.

A Peculiar Accident.

BIRDSBORO, Pa., Sept. 16.—A singular accident occurred at this place to William Boyer, of Exeter. He was standing along the railroad when a large torpedo was exploded on the track. A fragment struck him squarely between the eyes, knocking him down. The wound bled so profusely that the flow was with difficulty stopped. Boyer's condition is serious on account of the danger of blood poisoning.

A School Girl's Fatal Fall.

READING, Pa., Sept. 12.—Gertie De Turk, aged 9 years, daughter of Franklin B. De Turk, No. 1020 Green street, fell from a wall at the new Tenth and Green streets school house, and, striking upon her head, fractured her skull. She was picked up in an unconscious condition, and her recovery is not expected, as hemorrhages of the brain have occurred.

Wayward Young Man.

MEDIA, Pa., Sept. 16.—Charles A. Passmore, a young man connected with some of the best known families in Chester county, pleaded guilty before Judge Clayton to entering and stealing goods from the houses of W. B. Bretz and Laura Irwin, at Lansdowne, and was sentenced to one year in the Eastern penitentiary.

Murder of an Old Woman.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 12.—Mrs. Bresingham, aged about 60 years, was found murdered in her cottage in the west end, her head being smashed. She lived alone and was partly supported by the county. It is believed the murderers are the same parties who chloroformed Mrs. Batchellor on Wednesday night and robbed her of $1,700.

Original Packages Don't Go.

BEAVER, Pa., Sept. 15.—Andrew Muller, indicted for selling liquor without license, has been found guilty. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and undergo ninety days' imprisonment in the county jail. Muller kept what he called an original package house in New Brighton.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Sept. 10.

The king of Portugal is reported to be better. His fever has subsided.

The Merchants' National bank of Carlisle, Pa., has made application for authority to organize a national bank.

San Francisco celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union by a big parade.

The 8-year-old child of A. S. Hilands, of Manchester, N.H., has pronounced hydrophobia symptoms. He was bitten by a dog four years ago.

The leading plate glass workers of the country are holding meetings at New Albany, Ind., with closed doors. Their purpose is to form a national association similar to the Window Glass Workers' association.

By a recount of the census Portland, Ore., gains 14,361 over the former enumeration. It is claimed that on this basis Oregon would have a population of 375,000. The June census gave the state 330,001.

A fatally destructive hurricane in the north of Italy did much damage at Belluno and destroyed bridges and houses in the Zolda valley. Twenty-two bodies have been recovered from the debris of ruined buildings.

Thursday, Sept. 11.

Professor S. Brown Wylie, of Beaver Falls college, Pa., is dead.

Chinamen in Fall River, Mass., have organized a Masonic society.

Francis Murphy, the temperance orator, was married to Mrs. Rebecca Fisher, of Council Bluffs, Ia.

The chapter general of the Knights of St. John and Malta are holding their eighteenth annual convention at Wellsville, N. Y.

Memoir won the race for the St. Leger stakes at the Doncaster September meeting. Blue Green was second and Gonsaloo third.

The total coal tonnage of the Reading railroad last week amounted to 125,889, a decrease of 38,612 from the tonnage of the corresponding week last year.

The price to be paid to Mr. Henry M. Stanley for the lecture he is to deliver in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Nov. 12 is advertised as $3,500.

United States Consul Turner informs the state department that a line of steamers flying the Portuguese flag has been established between Cadiz and New York.

A meeting of citizens held at Houston, Tex., issued a call for a state convention to assemble in Houston on Dec. 2, to arrange for a big exhibit of the resources of Texas at the world's fair in 1892.

Michael Kelly and J. H. Magee have been arrested in Chicago charged with disposing of 4,800 counterfeit tickets of admission to the picnic given at Ogden's grove on Sept. 1 by the Trade and Labor assembly. They realized about $1,300 on the counterfeit tickets.

Tom Harris, a three year convict in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ills., sentenced for burglary, hanged himself to a bar in his cell door, but was found before life was extinct. On his pillow was found a confession that he was the murderer of the McCoombs family in Minnesota a few years ago. Harris is only 16 years old.

Friday, Sept. 12.

Dr. John S. Stahr was inaugurated as president of Franklin and Marshall college.

Two miners were killed by an explosion in the Agrappe coal mine, at Mons, Belgium.

"The Banker" theatrical company disbanded in Buffalo, the play proving a failure.

Henry P. Ide & Co., the largest dealers in tailors' trimmings in Chicago, have failed. Liabilities, $40,000.

The czar has given orders to the governor of Siberia to prevent any further immigration of Chinese into that province.

The Turkish government has forbidden the circulation in Turkey of French papers which censure the outrages in Armenia.

The murderer of the Servian consul at Pristina, Roumelia, has been condemned to death. His accomplices were sentenced to imprisonment.

At Dayton, O., Henry Kilner, aged 66, shot his wife dead and failed to kill himself only because the gun missed fire. The couple had separated.

The official reports of the commission to inquire into the German military scandals, were stolen while on their way from the commission to the emperor.

A warrant has been issued for W. A. Sellars, postmaster at Lebanon, N. C., on charges of embezzlement. He is $2,000 short. Sellars has fled the state.

George P. Fifield, an old resident of Anamosa, Ia., 60 years of age, was brutally murdered. He was returning from a visit to his son-in-law, walking along the railroad track, when he was struck with a club. There is no clew to the murderer.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The 3-year-old filly Ruperta has been sold to F. A. Wolcott for $16,000.

The senate confirmed the nomination of Henry Sherwood as postmaster at Washington, D. C.

Fire destroyed the business portion of Park City, Utah, which is the principal mining camp in Utah.

The Russian squadron has been forced to leave Vladivostock harbor, owing to the fact that cholera is raging in the vicinity.

The Danish government has issued an order quarantining all vessels arriving at the Danish West Indies from Spanish ports.

John Connors, charged with the murder of John Walker on June 23, 1887, at Waterford, N. Y., was indicted for murder in the first degree.

A riot has taken place at Vilna, growing out of the charge that certain Jews were guilty of the murder of a Christian. Many Jews were terribly maltreated before the military quelled the disturbance.

Monday, Sept. 15.

Rev. Elwood Wooster, assistant rector of St. Ann's P. E. Church, Brooklyn, has accepted the chair of psychology in Lehigh University.

The Sheldon house, the largest hotel at Ocean Grove, has been sold to Col. Leffler, of Washington.

French war ships have bombarded several villages in the Society Islands. The marines landed and laid waste the country, keeping up the work of devastation until the natives submitted.

The bishop of Limerick has received the thanks of the pope for the part he has taken in his late controversy with John Dillon, the sentiments put forth by the bishop being fully endorsed by his holiness.

The military maneuvers in Volhynia, Russia, have been concluded.

At Lexington, Ky., during a disturbance at a religious revival, Andrew Palmer was shot and instantly killed by a man named McIntosh, who was assisting a constable to arrest the parties quarreling.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have decided to erect the $150,000 building advocated by Grand Master Sargent.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.

The census bureau announces the population of Lynn, Mass., to be 55,684, a gain in the last ten years of 17,410.

Newton Case, an old plate printer, and the head of the Case, Lockwood & Brainard company, died in Hartford, Conn.

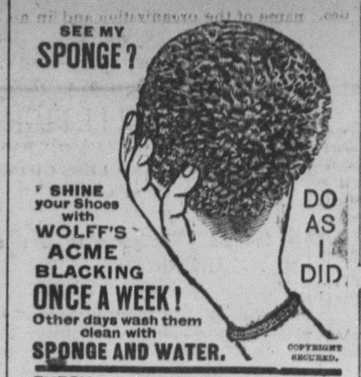
A freight train on the Cincinnati and Muskingum Valley was wrecked at Reed's station. The engineer was killed and fireman badly hurt.

E. A. Tatt, president of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express company, denies any knowledge of the consolidation of that company with the Adams and Earl & Prew Express companies.

The Rev. Father W. R. Miles, S. J., of New Orleans, died suddenly of heart failure. After service he complained of a pain in the region of the heart and retired to his room, where he was found dead a few hours later.

Maj. H. C. Baxter, for many years a well known hotel proprietor of Boston, died in Seattle of Bright's disease. He was a brother of Dr. J. H. Baxter, surgeon of the United States army.

The Chinese government has commenced the construction of a railroad from Kaipine to Guivine with the aid of British capital and British engineers.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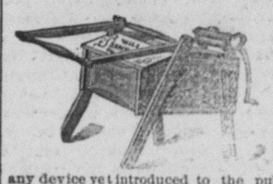

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Without injurious medication.
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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.
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about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jas. B. Winkleman, dec'd, of Walker twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
PETER NEESE, Adm'r
2864 Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Error or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Worth $100.00. Best gold watch in the world.—Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 512, Portland, Maine.

Look At This !
The most complete cooking utensil ever invented.

No burned hands, no scalded scars, or disagreeable odor filling the house.
No overflow on the stoves while using these kettles. No cloths needed in handling them. They supply the long felt want. Onions, Kraut, codfish, corned beef or ham can be cooked in them without the bad smell filling the house. Every woman who sees them wants them and the men do not object to paying for them.
GEORGE M. POTTER,
22 Agent for Centre County.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL Estate.—The undersigned, executor of estate of John Goodhart, late of Gregg Township, dec'd., offers at private sale the following described real estate, situated about 2 miles west of Spring Mills, Pa., a
o——o FINE FARM o——o
Bounded by lands of Wood's Heirs, John Grove, James D. Wilson's Heirs, Mrs. M. A. Ross, Michael Tibbens, and others, containing
—— 82 ACRES AND 62 PERCHES. ——
Thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Buggy Shed, and all necessary outbuildings all of which are in good repair. There is a good young orchard of the choicest fruit on this farm. A good cistern at the house, and also a cistern at the barn. 73 acres of the above farm are cleared and enclosed with good fences, and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Hemlock. Persons desiring to purchase will find this farm beautifully located, being near the L. & T. R. R., near churches, post office, grist mill, stores, etc. Climate healthy.
For terms apply to
WILLIAM GOODHART,
2064 Executor, Farmers Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Elizabeth Snyder, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES A. OTT,
2 Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 am
" "	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
" "	Montandon	5 36 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
" "	Renovo	8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	4 05 p m
Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.		
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	New York	12 15 a m
" "	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m
Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.		
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	New York	6 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg	12 15a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
" "	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
" "	Renovo	5 15 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 40 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
" "	Montandon	6 54 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia	4 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg	7 30 p m
" "	Montandon	9 34 p m
"	arrives at Williamsport	10 30 p m
Sunday Train.—Williamsport express runs also on Sunday.		

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a m
" "	Montandon	9 17 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
" "	Renovo	10 15 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 15 p m
" "	Montandon	1 14 p m.
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves	Renovo	4 50 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 35 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 40 p m
" "	Montandon	7 42 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	3 00 p m
" "	Renovo	10 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 25 p m
" "	Williamsport	12 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 29 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	2 22 a m
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 a m
Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.		
SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport	2 30 a m
" "	Montandon	2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.		

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East, Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M. P M
2 0	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10 5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00 5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51	5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45	5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35	5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22	4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13	4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40	4 08
3 55		7 51	Coburn	7 27	3 55
4 04		7 59	Zerby	7 19	3 45
4 13		8 08	Rising Spring	7 10	3 35
4 21		8 16	Penn Cave	7 00	3 27
4 28		8 22	Centre Hall	6 52	3 20
4 35		8 30	Gregg	6 43	3 13
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 36	3 05
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 30	3 00
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 25	2 55
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 20	2 50
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 10	2 40
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 04	2 34
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 00	2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45 p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.
CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.

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LOCAL OR TRAVELING
to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment guaranteed
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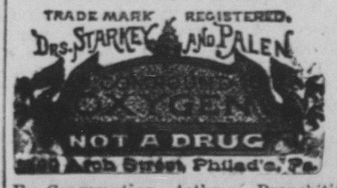
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S
Treatmen By Inhalation.



For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons, who have tried their treatment.
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Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, Ed. Inter-Ocean, Chicago
W. H. Worthington, Ed. New South, New York.
Judge H. P. Vrooman, Quenemo, Kan.
Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 853 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
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Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Hondurss, C A
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And thousands of others in every part of the United States.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa
Please mention this paper when you order Com Oxygen.

— The REPORTER and the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph one year free to a new subscriber, clubing with a present subscriber. The two papers for $1.50 a year in advance to each. The Chronicle Telegraph is a large 8 page weekly contains all the telegraphic news, full market reports and other choice reading Two papers for the price of one. Send in your name early and make sure of this splendid offer!

A SUFFERING INFANT.

I'm indeed a suffering infant,
Lord! how I detest these frills
And these curls and pretty pantles
Copied from the showman's bills.

Don't I wish that I were bigger,
Wouldn't I rise up and swear
At that silly-looking make-up,
With the long and fluffy hair.

My! I'd like to go in swimming,
Play at leap-frog or base ball;
But my clothes are far too pretty—
No, it wouldn't do at all.

Life grows dark and dull and dreary;
Not an hour can I enjoy.
How I'd like to kick the stuffing
Out of little Fauntleroy!

—Washington Capital.

To Her Advantage.

BY SARAH PITT.

"If any relatives of the late James Handford, sometime curate of Widston, be still living, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dod & Son, solicitors, King street."

Barbara Reed set down the paper with a little jerk.

"I wonder if that means me," she said thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was James Handford, certainly, and I know that he was a curate, but I did not know that there was ever any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while, go to Messrs. Dod & Son and find out," suggested a sharp-featured, elderly lady who sat stitching at the table between them.

"I shall. There may be five thousand pounds waiting for me."

"Or five pounds, more likely," suggested the stitcher.

Barbara laughed.

"I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are likely to get from advertisements if you had the sense to see it," returned that lady, significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music-mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school days ended, it being necessary that she should do something towards keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against the lady's authority, for it was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was a child.

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and fit to manage my own business. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once, she has a right to interfere with me now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out, when some one quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist as she looked around.

"What are you in such a dreadful hurry for?" inquired the new-comer. "I could scarcely keep you in sight."

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonitions, her drawing-master—clever enough in his profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had not the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the fine looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"That is an expedition!"

"Isn't it! but I have some expectation of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that the girl speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her previous announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?"

"Oh, yes."

"I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself," said he earnestly, as with a lingering clasp of the hand he left her.

The dingy, jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for all she felt it. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more long practising at Mrs. Stewart's for herself, no drawing lessons for someone else. Who could tell but next May there might be a new member in the academy, a new picture to attract all eyes? No man tied down to mere teaching could have a fair chance. The girl's face glowed with the fancy that it might be her hand that would set the fettered genius free.

The glow was still there when she turned into King street and ran against a plain, rather commonplace young man, coming out of one of the warehouses.

"Why, Barbara, it's not often you come to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand.

It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well-shaped, yellow-gloved one that had pressed hers a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me; it was advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed.

"Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara; for myself, I never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings in advertising about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this. I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"Good afternoon, Miss Barbara."

The girl bowed stiffly.

"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence," said she to herself as she walked into the solicitors' office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and a shabby general appearance."

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. The lawyers had not received her with the respectful enthusiasm she expected. She was not prepared to answer questions about genealogies; indeed, she fancied they took her for an impostor, they had been so unwilling to give her any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

"And I thought I should almost have had it in my pocket by this time," she said ruefully. "Ah, well, I must have patience for another week or so. It is sure to be settled then; only—I'd like to have something to tell Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Lawrence sympathized with her almost as deeply as she did with herself over the delay when she told him the result of her visit next day.. The girl was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

"And they did not even give you an idea how much it is?" he asked.

"No, but I could tell by their manner that it must be a good deal," said Barbara.

"I don't know if that is a criterion. These old lawyers are very deceptive sometimes," he rejoined. "However, you can get that paper filled up and sent in, and I would not lose any time about it."

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain herself.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara,' he said, cheerfully. "One is never sure of a chance of that kind till one actually has it. I would not build on it if I were you."

"You don't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," retorted the young lady, ungratefully. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am in no hurry for a few days."

"Days!" echoed John. "There's a man in our office who has waited years, and is likely to wait, far as I can see."

Mrs. Stewart was another thorn in the path.

"Barbara, my dear," she remarked one day, after school was dismissed, "were you paying any attention whatever to the girls' practising this afternoon?"

Barbara flushed scarlet.

"I was beside the piano the whole time," she declared.

"Your body may have been there, but your mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavor to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much-looked-for communication from Messrs. Dod and Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were hers most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot. John Grant's indifference, not to say skepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superior qualities in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no farther. With all his solicitude and looks that said more than words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything more binding than friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day under her breath as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But, oh, I do wish he would say straight out what he means, or else keep away altogether."

Poor Barbara was to feel more unsettled still before she reached home. It was a lovely summer evening, and fifty yards farther on she was joined by another cavalier—John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some jesting inquiry after Messrs. Dod & Son, but she speedily discovered that he seemed to have forgotton their very existence. There was something else in his mind, and he lost no time in saying very "straight out" indeed what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and luxuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very pappy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in serious earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Beside, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not the point," he interrupted; "it's you, not the other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can; it means a good deal to me."

Barbara went home in a kind of haze. She had never thought so highly of John Grant and his straightforward dependableness as at that moment; but, on the other hand, there was Mr. Lawrence with his handsome face and dashing manner, and there was a little undefined sense of resentment against Mrs. Stewart, who had always been a strong if not entirely judicious advocate for John Grant, and—then there was this probable fortune that might be coming to her. Barbara looked at the peaceful evening sky in sore perplexity as to what she ought to do, or what she wished.

"He said he didn't want to hurry me," she finally decided. "I'll just wait and see how things go."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to the fore with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same response, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his concern and admiration of her. They did not go deep enough. "If he has nothing more than that to say, he ought not to have said it at all," she reflected, contrasting it half unconsciously with John Grant's very opposite line of conduct.

At last, one Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue official-looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the step, holding her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dod and Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and begged to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake had been proved the nearest of kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the five hundred pounds left by the late James Handford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely realized before how much she had been counting upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

"Mrs. Stewart," she said, knocking at the door of that lady's sitting-room, before she begun her morning practice. "I wanted to tell you I have heard about the legacy at last."

"Well?" Mrs. Stewart looked up from her desk, pen in hand.

"It's not well," said Barbara, trying to smile. "There is some one nearer than I am—a Mrs. Elizabeth Drake. She gets it all—it was five hundred pounds."

Mrs. Stewart laid down her pen and patted the girl's shoulder kindly.

"Never mind, Barbara; you may be glad to have missed it some day, though it's not pleasant now. There are many other good things in the world beside money."

"It would have helped very nicely, though," sighed Barbara.

"No doubt; but it's not to be, so just try and forget it. You know you are not utterly dependent upon it."

As Barbara crossed the hall to the school-room that afternoon, she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his light gloves. She saw at the first glance that Mrs. Stewart had told him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You see, I am not to come into a fortune, after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said coldly, not looking up from the refractory button. "But it was not much of a fortune, after all. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never heard of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and an annoyance."

"Y-es, it is rather a pity—disappointing, and waste of time, too. Well, I am going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the school-room door.

A tiny note was dropped into the piller-post that same evening addressed to Mr. John Grant, and ran thus:

"DEAR JOHN:—I am not half good enough for you, but if you still wish it—I'll try."

It was not, perhaps, a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person for whom it was intended, and much loftier epistles have often failed in that respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage after all," Mrs. John Grant said once, some months later. "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."

The Fiddlers of Cumberland Island.

A Cumberland correspondent thus describes the fiddlers of that island: "After fishing my attention was attracted by an army of fiddlers in the sand. Oh, such funny little folks are the fiddlers! They are a peaceable set, too, and in all the droves and droves that I saw marching about on the sands by the inlet I saw only two who were disorderly. They fought a little, but not for long, and the defeated fellow crawled into his hole, and the army moved on. A fiddler looks like a very small crab. Some are blue, others red and brown, and there are black and gray. Some have no claws, others have a great white claw like a crab, which they seem to keep time with. They are the drum majors. A fiddler never turns to run. They run backward, to the front and sideways without moving their bodies. They have little holes all over the sand that reach to—well, I don't know, for I got a stick and dug and dug until I got tired, and I never did find the bottom. They have a curious little way of making a noise like smacking the lips, and it sounds sometimes as though a lot of folks were kissing.

PORTUGUESE BULL FIGHT

MORE EXCITING AND LESS CRUEL THAN IN SPAIN.

How the Bulls Endeavor to Get at Their Foe.

The bull fight of Spain and that of Portugal, are of equal antiquity, but they are radically different, and the Portuguese fight is not only the better sport and the more humane of the two, but also that it has kept far more truly to the traditions of the ancient pastime, which seems to have been a modified survival of the gladiatorial fights—a lineal descendant of the wild beast shows of ancient Rome. Tradition tells us that the Cid, the great Christian hero of the middle ages, was renowned as a bull fighter, killing bulls from his horse with his own valiant hand. Emperor Charles V. was also devoted to this noble sport, and Goya, the Spanish painter, made a memorable picture of him in the very act of attacking with his spear a savage bull.

Now, the Spanish bull fight preserves these glorious old traditions in a very degraded form. Their mounted picadors are recruits from the slums of Seville or Madrid, and they are so swathed in leather and in mail that they are practically safe from danger, and the horses they ride are broken-down cab and cart horses, whose work is done, and, being fit only to be put to death, are simply made an end of by the bulls instead of by the "knacker." In point of fact, the picador does not fight at all. He simply gets into the bull's way when the creature rushes into the arena, receives his charge, and, after a little feint of combat, yields up his poor horse to the bull's horns.

Portuguese bull fighting is a manlier sport. No knacker's yard horses are brought into the ring to be butchered there unresistingly. The Portuguese picadors are not recruited from the slums, but are usually gentlemen by birth—of a class, that is to say, with whom the management of the horse is a traditional accomplishment. Instead of being protected by armor, they wear a rich, gold-laced costume of the 16th century, and the horses are carefully trained, and caparisoned magnificently in silk and gold.

The only assault made upon the bull is by the banderilheiros, who carry tiny darts called banderilhas—sticks about a foot in length, adorned with silken ribbons and streamers, with a projecting steel point, barbed, and as fine as a trout fly hook straightened out. It is not long enough to pass through the creature's skin, which is almost two inches thick at the neck, where the darts are inserted, and he seems to feel the prick rather less than we should feel that of a pin. The great art of the Portuguese bull fight is to provoke him to wild wrath and then evade him.

It is a splendid sight to see a black bull from the plains of Alemtejo in the rage of his first rush into the ring. He charges at the first living creature in his path; and the blinder and madder his rush, the safer the bull fighter. The man holds his scarlet silken cloak in front of him, and behind its shelter darts to one side as the bull is on him, and the horns of the enraged animal meet only the empty air. Naturally he is very much astonished, and when he has charged thus vainly on three or four of the men he stands in the centre of the ring and considers what to do. He paws the ground, he roars he stamps; and then, sometimes he turns cunning and comes to one of the men very slowly, with intent to press him against the wooden barrier of the ring till he has crushed the life out of him. An attack of this kind is, of course, much more dangerous than are his blind charges, and would lead to far more deaths in the ring than really occur were it not that the wooden barrier, which is from five to six feet high, is provided with a little ledge about half-way from the ground. The bull fighter plants his foot on this ledge, his hand on the top of the barrier, and is over and away before his baffled adversary knows it. Mr. Crawfurd says that sometimes the bull has so much "go" in him that he himself leaps the barrier in pursuit of his flying foe. In fact, at the last bull fight our author witnessed in Oporto no less than four out of ten bulls did thus leap the barrier. I don't think this could have been pleasant for the spectators, and I confess that such a possibility tempers the impatience of my desire to behold a Portuguese bull fight.

The banderilheiros who fasten the little darts in the bull's neck are mounted, and their task is far more dangerous than that of the men on foot, who mock him with their cloaks and escape. The men on horseback cannot spring over the barrier, and a stumble of the horse, or a mistake in his pace may easily be fatal. In fact, I think the bull has a good deal the best of it in Portugal; and he enjoys the contest so keenly that, though his stable door is held wide open to him, and he knows by experience that water is there to quench his thirst, and fresh-cut grass for him to eat, he can only be induced to leave the ring by the device of bringing in a troop of oxen, his companions. They wear bells around their necks, and the bull hears the familiar jangle. A sense of comradeship and domesticity re-enforces his hunger, and he trots away, at last, with his friends, amid the cheers and hurrahs of the crowd.

Mr. Mooney's Hair.

William Mooney, of West Pike, Potter County, Pa., has a peculiar head of hair. When a storm approaches every hair in his head stands out straight, and as he wears his hair very long he is quite a ridiculous sight. On that account he never leaves the house when it is cloudy.

Train Robber Smith.

How stringely the good and bad intermingle in the breast of man is strikingly shown by the train of circumstances attending the recapture of Smith the train robber, who is now awaiting trial in the county jail. In March last he, in company with three others, robbed the eastern bound Atlantic and Pacific express at Canon Diablo, and a month afterwards, after one of the longest chases on record, the party were captured by Sheriff O'Neil and posse in Utah. While on the return trip to Arizona, Smith effected his escape by jumping from a car window on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe while the train was rapidly descending the Raton Mountains in New Mexico.

He at once struck out for Texas, taking horses wherever the opportunity presented, and riding them as long as they were able to carry him. On the afternoon of the ninth day, while in the Pan Handle, near Vernon, Smith discovered a woman aimlessly wandering over the prairie, and recognizing the fact that she must be lost or in trouble, he rode up and accosted her. She informed him that she had been lost two days, during which time she had gone without food. Knowing that in her emaciated condition she could not possibly survive much longer without assistance, Smith, the escaped train robber, fleeing though he was to escape trial for a crime the penalty of which was death, and still carrying on each leg his broken shackles, bethought him of a windmill he had passed some eight miles back, and putting the woman on his horse, conducted her to it.

He left her, and riding along the wire fence that enclosed the windmill for five or six miles, until he discovered the camp of the men employed to keep it in repair, he informed them of the woman's condition. They at once saddled, and, although the night was nearly gone, started at once for the windmill, and found the young woman—a young school teacher—weak, but still alive, and at once brought her to a place where she was cared for. At daylight the Sheriff and posse in pursuit of Smith met the same men, and finding from their account and description in which direction the fugitive had gone, pursued him.

Before high noon they had overtaken him, and Smith, the train robber, who, less than twenty-four hour sbefore, had turned from his way to succor an unfortunate woman, was shot from his saddle while resisting an arrest, which he might have prevented by avoiding the delay and observation so entailed. The story is good enough to have a moral; but doubtless Smith, who is in the county jail awaiting trial for his life on account of it, fails to discover it.

A Woman Mail-Carrier.

Oregon has a woman mail-carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on Sinslaw River over the Coast Range mountains, following up the river to Hale's post-office station, within fifteen miles of Eugene City.

Her route is twenty miles long, and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail right and left and fears nothing. She rides horseback, and carries a trusty revolver.

Miss Westman is a plump little brunette, and is just 20 years old. Her father and uncle operate a stage line, and have a contract for carrying the mail. At Hale's station Minnie meets her father, and gets the mail from Eugene City and starts on her round.

Miss Westman has never met with a serious mishap in the performance of her duty. On one of her trips last year she found three good sized bears in the road right in front of her. The horse, on espying them, became frightened, threw his rider to the ground and turning round, ran back the road he came. Miss Westman, with great presence of mind started after the runaway, and overtaking him, remounted and rode right through the savage cordon, and, strange to say, she was not attacked. Meeting some friends she told them of what she had seen, and they went to the place and killed the bears. So far this year Miss Westman has met two bears, which did not molest her.—Portland Oregonian.

A Sandstorm in the Red Sea.

The steamer Glenshiel, which reached New York recently from Yokohama and other eastern ports with a cargo of tea, reports a curious experience which she encountered in the Red Sea, but which is by no means unknown to voyagers in those waters. Her log says that on leaving the Perin Islands, July 19th, the atmosphere was so crowded with sand-dust that it was necessary to run at a low rate of speed. When half way up the sea a sandstorm of such violence was experienced that the greatest difficulty was found in making any headway at all. The sand sifted like fine snow through every crevice, filled every dish of food, and covered everything with a gritty coating. At the same time its clouds were so thick and impenetrable that one could not see two ship lengths ahead of the vessel. This state of things lasted for eight hours.

Royal Weights.

The Queen Regent and her family were weighed recently at San Sebastian. King Alfonso weighs 35 pounds; his mother, the Queen Regent, 118; his eldest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, 48; the Infanta Maria Theresa, 45. The whole family, therefore, weighs three pounds less than ex-Queen Isabella, who tips the scale at 249.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Fashion is, for the most part, nothing but the ostentation of riches.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

A man is never so much a master of himself as when he has given himself up.

Literature is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on unwritten things.

The age of chivalry is never passed, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short lived and apt to have ague fits.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

To be successful in any enterprise, employ a messenger who is deaf, dumb, and blind; such a messenger is money.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

I have heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I have never met one. If a man has a genuine idea he can make himself understood.

Our Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backward; we see and feel well the setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.

We are to know that we are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself and will not accept a wooden rudder.

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one who has caught him in a fault, and whom he knows has reason to complain of him; his resentment never subsides until he has regained the advantage he has lost, and found means to make the other do him equal wrong.

While the due preparation for and organization of labor deserve all the careful and wise adjustment that they receive, the intervals of life should never be suffered to be filled up by chance. They too should be provided for and the necessity of employing them aright should be impressed on all.

Thou mayst be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise-which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

Even the ablest, most laborious, and most useful of men cannot afford to make enemies right and left of high and low. Virulent enemies are made by sharp words more than by any other means. If you allow yourself what is doubtless to some dispositions the luxury of an unbridled tongue, you will have to pay for it. Some day the enemies you make will have their innings, and may trip you up.

The most pugnacious "Stick-to-rights," though he certainly does give the public a great deal of trouble, is, upon the whole, a useful person. He makes other people very careful to observe the rights of their fellows. Indeed, our soft friends themselves could not get on at all but for the aid of those who will not be imposed upon. Yet it is "Stick-to-rights" who is called a hard man, an unfeeling savage, an incarnation of selfishness; while his soft neighbor is supposed to be the most amaible of men. "If you make a sheep of yourself," said old Dr. Franklin, "the wolves will devour you." No man has a right to give such encouragement to wolves. Wolves are the common enemy. To overcome such wolves a man must "show his teeth," and, if need be, use his teeth. Then the wolves will not be apt to molest him, and the opinion will spread among beasts of prey that it is better to let alone a class of creatures who can be lambs to one another, but bull-dogs to those who attack them.

Painted Diamonds.

There is one pawnbroker in Washington who has lost all faith in human honesty. Several months ago a nicely dressed man entered his shop and displayed a pair of diamond earrings upon which he desired to secure a loan. The stones had that peculiar bluish-white color so highly prized among lovers of diamonds, and the pawnbroker readily advanced him $250 on them. The stranger departed, and in due course of time the pawnbroker tried to dispose of them. He exhited the diamonds to a well-known dealer, who said if they would stand a test they were easily worth $1,500. The stones were removed from their settings and placed in a bottle of alcohol. Then they were shaken for about five minutes, taken out and carefully cleaned. From the beautiful bluish white they had become as yellow as the Chinese flag, and were not worth over $75. The expert said afterwards: "These stones were painted. The process is a very simple one. A small piece of indelible pencil is disolved in a teacupful of water. The yellow diamond is then painted with a fine camel's-hair brush, dipped in the preparation and allowed to dry. The paint will wear off in time, but nothing will remove it quickly but alcohol. No reputable dealer will have anything to do with such stones, but we have to keep a pretty sharp look-out for just such tricks as that one I exposed a few moments ago."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

"The New Song of Heaven."

TEXT: "*And they sang a new song.*" Rev. 5: 9.

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music and associations whose object it is by voice and instrument to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday night Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berlin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a hundred instruments, discourses at the Royal Opera House for the people. On Easter Sunday in Dresden the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes the bands of music from far and near gather in the street and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf once a year the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new song."

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said: "Surely this is music good enough for heaven." Indeed, I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah" would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old time harmonies. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that the ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune, and the land is flooded with note books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote:

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea
> And rides upon the storm.
>
> Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds you so much dread
> Are big with mercy and shall break
> In blessings on your head.

Mozart composed his own requiem and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that." And while Emily was playing the requiem Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

This new song of heaven was not composed, because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshipers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to-day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman who a few minutes ago departed from this very street has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch it trill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and seas of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes a reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshipers there shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed, and the enthroned spirit from the almshouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all the tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

Further, it will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall awake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs, for God demands that we shall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship, for I read that when He had taken the book the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord? In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth; and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy and the roll of the eternal orchestra!

Further, it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music to-day for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the forth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances they will also enkindle at glories to come. If at 9 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe but for 10,000 universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know—that heaven is to be constantly augmented, and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher and the procession is being multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour and moment by moment?

Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "Good-by" in the hall, "Good-by" at the door, "Good-by" on the street, "Good-by" at the rail train, "Good by" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bys. At the pearly gate no good-bys. The song will be more pleasant because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand it and appreciate it. But on the last day it seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet and pour themselves into the great heart of God, how soon will we exhaust the song? Never! Never!

The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

Finally, I remark that it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the South. Everybody going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced, when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

The Seville Cathedral.

BY WILLIS STEELL.

How subtle and fleeting are the charms of those abstract things, a square and a street, when you come to write about them! I cannot attribute the quality of bad taste to the numerous travelers who call Seville an uninteresting desert; the city is a quiet plain, with a wonderful cathedral and a lofty tower to accentuate its general flatness. It makes no more lasting impression on the brain of a rapid traveler than does the landscape on the headlight of a locomotive. To us, however, who lingered away the winter in Seville, her cathedral and Giralda soon lost their prominence, while corners and triangles of streets, quaint unpretentious dwellings, little squares, frowned upon by monotonous walls, grew dear to our hearts almost like features of home, and became our Seville.

Of the squares, a plaza behind the cathedral, shut in by the Alcazar and the archbishop's palace, made a delightful lounging place on warm mornings. It had no attractions in itself; a three-cornered piece of sandy grass, under fortress walls, with trees set in regular rows, that grew feebly. Hard benches without backs formed a sort of fence on the three sides of the plaza that was generally destitute of occupants. But it counted one constant friend, an old fruit woman, who kept her stall there, and it could confidently expect to see, some time during the day, a priest in rusty soutane and wide three-cornered hat, who took his exercise within its boundaries. Beggars and guitar-players never came to this plaza, but on Sundays and feast days a modest movable stall was set up directly beneath the flying buttress of the cathedral. A thin, old man, who ought to have been a hermit, kept it, and sold his wares, or offered them for sale, to the worshippers who strayed from the grand portal and the orange garden. These wares were waxen images and tapers, pictures of saints, rosaries, crucifixes; all the religious objects used for funeral ceremonies, as well as waxen arms, legs, eyes, ears, and babies, for offerings at the shrine of a popular saint for the recovery of a person or an afflicted member of the body. A friendly understanding existed between this old man and the fruit aunty. When business was more than commonly dull, he went over to her stall and grumbled at the malevolence of his rivals in trade, the old women at the church doors who had driven him away from that coveted stand, and, when his breath gave out, she would begin to vituperate in her turn.

On ordinary days, as I have said, the old woman alone shared the plaza with us. She was always there in the daytime, and I think she slept under her bit of awning. It must have been the charm of the place that held her there, and not her love of gain, for if she sells oranges and mixes sugary drinks in that plaza to the end of time, the profit can hardly keep her out of the almshouse.

The Alcazar made no such dry impression on us, though we visited it on days warmer than the New England June. The halls of the old Moorish palace offered a better imitation to winter than all the rest of Seville's buildings combined, and its vaults, which some one has called the pantheon of Maria Padilla, were unpleasantly moist and cold. The gardeners in attendance never seemed to remember that we had been there before, and when we returned from a ramble in the formally lovely gardens, they were sure to sprinkle us with water by means of a contrivance beneath the pavement, that has played its practical joke on royal and other famous shoes.

The calm brooding over this neighborhood is not the stillness of death. The portal of the archbishop's palace is sometimes quick with dispersing priests. The Alcazar walls lose on familiarity their resemblance to those of Babeutha, and the counting-room of the Lonja seems but to be sleeping an enchanted sleep, from which it will wake up to be the centre of busy interests, and to throb again with the "quick pulse of gain." I know not how this impression of suspended vitality was conveyed by the dormant plaza unless the extravagant tales related of its teeming life in the Holy Week had something to do with it. A part of the charm lay there; if it had been dead past waking we would have shunned the place. But we gazed up on the plaza as on the face of a sleeping child, content to imagine how it would look with its eyes open, and we let it sleep on.

To the charm of the purlieus of the cathedral that my pen has no power to describe, a great delight was added by the color which washed the whole, rich, old yellow; painful to the eyes in the sun, but deliciously soothing in the shade. Above this tapestry border the cathedral towered, a mass of heavy walls springing to parapets, castellated towers, pinnacles, and spires, all moulded, as it were, out of a Gargantuan cake of chocolate. To the amateur's kindling eye, this jumble of confusing forms, this jaundiced construction of incongruous details, which are nearly the words which architects use to describe Seville with, stands a wonderful, mysterious drama in stone which Time has taken in hand, and collaborated with the builder to preserve the unities.

The cathedrals we had already seen failed to prepare us for Seville. To name one Gothic cathedral of Europe sets the names of the others echoing, and I cannot call up one without being lost in a procession. But the cathedral of Seville is not included.

Within the walls of Seville we felt like humble worshippers. The dim, rich vastness of Seville, from the curtain at the door to the recess of the high altar, was all a Holy of Holies.

The spell was not broken when we began to walk about, examining by parts, because, owing to oversight or laziness on the part of the vergers, we were left alone to discover for ourselves the genius of the place. To gaze along the middle aisle, that infinitely receded; to gaze aloft into the octagonal dome, that hung nearer heaven than earth; to take the lateral aisles, chapel by chapel, and linger in each as long as one wished, without being advised of something better worth looking at farther on; to pore over the rich marbles of the choir and the carvings of the throne, just as one might over an illuminated missal; to look at the pictures in the same spirit, without saying that one was good and the other bad; in brief, to see without criticising, to enjoy without judging—how delightful all this was.

But it was one of the pictures that brought down my soaring spirit. I had been looking at them with simple wonder, like a child who believed that they were portraits of saints, and not of models more or less spiritualized by poor diet. I had given a child's credence to the stories told of "The Descent from the Cross," a picture by Campana in the vestry of the sacristy; that it had frightened Pacheco in the dusk, and that Murillo had often stood before it, waiting until Joseph and his companions should finish taking down the Saviour. I believed every word of these tales just as I believe the modern history of the destruction of the picture by Soult's soldiers and its restoration. But I came out of wonderland when we went to see Murillo's "San Antonio," which has had a history almost as eventful. The figure of the saint was cut out, carried to New York, and offered for sale in the year 1874. The gashes of the thief's knife, though joined by skilful stitches, are still visible. As I looked at them, I remembered that ours is an age where child-like simplicity stands a very poor show.

In the centre aisle, directly opposite the chapel where this Murillo hangs, stands the memorial stone of Ferdinand Columbus, the great son of a greater father, and, as a sort of compatriot, deserving of more melancholy emotion than we are able to accord him. We passed on, paraphrasing the question Charles Lamb asked when a boy, rambling through a churchyard, "Where lie the dignitaries who ruled it ill?" More time would undoubtedly be spent in spelling out their forgotten names, if it were not for the chapel behind the high altar: which concentrates the mortuary interest of the cathedral. This sepulchral chapel, almost a church by itself, is a fifteenth century addition to the pile, and most of the royalties who had in their lives any good or evil to do to Seville are buried or have memorials here. Yet have the chapel gates opened to receive the bodies of some not royal, among whom is Maria de Padilla, the gentle and lovely, or vindictive and blood-thirsty, according as one is for or against that unhappy lady, doomed to extend her enemies and lovers beyond the grave.

A dim, foreboding gloom, not so much darkness as privation of light, creeps from the church over the pinnacles of the high altar, and gives birth to grotesque ideas. No doubt St. Ferdinand lies perfectly preserved in his silver coffin; no doubt his son Alonzo has lost interest in metaphysics; no doubt Blanca has given over his glib sophistry; Padilla her tears, and all the company resigned themselves to their situation and to each other. No doubt—but when, as we stood by the railing to depart, a spent ray struck the spun-gold hair of the Virgin de los Reyes, endowing it with the appearance of life, we hurried away, without looking back, for fear we should see the kings beneath the recumbent marbles, rise and return to earth.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

A Fish-Hawk's Nest.

The nests of birds always interest us. The skill with which the oriole attaches his swinging house to the branches of the elm is ever a source of admiration. In what odd places, too, are nests sometimes found! An old coat hung across a fence to serve as a scarecrow attracts the smaller birds, and that which was an occasion of terror to the crows becomes a cosey residence for a pair of wrens or sparrows.

Last summer, while cruising along the coast of Maine, writes a correspondent of *The Companion*, we saw a fish-hawk's nest in a very unexpected place. We were running through what is called on the charts, the Fox Island Thoroughfare, and were headed to the westward, making for North Haven. Just before we reached this place our attention was called to a "spindle" on the starboard.

This "spindle" is a strong rod of iron, with a circular, concave iron disc at the top, and is placed here to mark a dangerous ledge. It rises out of the water to a height of perhaps twenty feet. The slightly hollowed disc that surmounted the rod contained a large nest constructed of coarse sticks and twigs, and on the edge, calmly secure in their domain, two fish-hawks were perched, watching for their finny prey.

Here, a mile from shore, safe above the reach of angry billows, they had built their home. It is interesting to think of them when the sea was lashed to fury and the storm raged upon the deep, dwelling there between the sea and the sky.

These birds usually nest in tall trees on cliffs—in places not to be reached by man without much difficulty, but instinct had led this pair to choose a home amid the waves, a home suited to the wild and wary nature that loves solitude so well.

The owner of a new tire, made of hollow spring steel, circular, oval, or square, thinks that it will succeed rubber tires for wagons or bicycles. It can be fixed on so that it can never come off.

HOMEWARD.

When I come to my Father's house he will hear me:
I shall not need
With words implore
Compassion at my Father's door;
With yearning mute my heart will plead,
And my Father's heart will hear me.

One thought all the weary day hath caressed me:
Though cloud-o'ercast
Is the way I go,
Though steep is the hill I must climb, yet, oh,
When evening falls and the light is past,
At my father's house I will rest me.

For thither,—whatsoe'er betide me:
Howe'er I stray,
Beset by fears,
Wearied by effort, or blinded by tears,—
Ah, surely I shall find my way,
Though none there be to guide me!

Florence Earle Coates, in September LIPPINCOTT'S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1890.

Jesus Entering Jerusalem.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 19: 37-48. Memory verses: 37-38.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7: 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Asserting the Right of Sovereignty.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. The King Recognized, vs. 37-40.
2. The King Grieved, vs. 41-44.
3. The King Aroused, vs. 45-48.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.*—Luke 19: 38.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 19: 37-48. Jesus entering Jerusalem.
T.—Matt. 21:1-16. Matthew's parallel narrative.
W.—Mark 11: 1-18. Mark's parallel narrative.
T.—John 12: 12-16. John's parallel narrative.
F.—Psa. 2: 1-12. Sovereignty decreed.
S.—Dan. 2: 31-45. Sovereignty foreshadowed.
S.—Rev. 11: 1-19. Sovereignty realized.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. THE KING RECOGNIZED.

I. The Lord's Mighty Works:
All the mighty works which they had seen (37).
Whence hath this man.... these mighty works? (Matt. 13: 54).
What mean such mighty works wrought by his hands? Mark 6: 2).
A prophet mighty in deed and word (Luke 24: 19).
The multitude.... met him, for.... he had done this sign (John 12: 18).

II. The Lord's Splendid Welcome:
Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord (38).
The multitude spread their garments in the way (Matt. 21: 8).
They that went before, and.... followed, cried, Hosanna (Mark 11: 9).
Took the branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him (John 12:13).
Yea: I come quickly. Amen: come, Lord Jesus (Rev. 22: 20).

III. The Generous Welcome Justified:
If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out (40).
Kiss the son, lest he be angry (Psa. 2: 12).
Unto thee will I sing,.... O thou Holy One of Israel (Psa. 71: 22).
Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion (Isa. 12: 6).
The stone shall cry out of the wall (Hab. 2: 11).

1. "To rejoice and praise God with a loud voice." (1) The joyous multitude; (2) The worthy Lord; (3) The glad song; (4) The emphatic utterance.
2. "The mighty works which they had seen." (1) The mighty Worker; (2) The mighty works; (3) The supreme impression.
3. "Master, rebuke thy disciples." (1) The offended Pharisees; (2) The offending disciples; (3) The offensive acts; (4) The vindicating Lord.

II. THE KING GRIEVED.

I. Jesus Sorrowing:
He saw the city and wept over it (41).
A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief (Isa. 53: 3).
He.... began to be sorrowful and sore troubled (Matt. 26: 37).
Jesus wept (John 11: 35).
In the days of his flesh,.... with strong crying and tears (Heb. 5: 7).

II. Opportunity Lost:
Now they are hid from thine eyes (42).
Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer (Prov. 1: 28).
The harvest is past, the summer is ended (Jer. 8: 20).
He went away sorrowful (Matt. 19: 22).
The door was shut (Matt. 25: 10).

III. Doom Impending:
They shall not leave in thee one stone upon another (44).
I will destroy man whom I have created (Gen. 6: 7).
The Lord hath sent us to destroy it (Gen. 19: 13).
The soul that sinneth, it shall die (Ezek. 18: 4).
The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night (1 Thess. 5: 2).

1. "He saw the city and wept over it." (1) The Lord's outlook; (2) The city's doom; (3) The Lord's tears.
2. "Now they are hid from thine eyes." (1) Jerusalem's opportunity; (2) Jerusalem's doom.—(1) Opportunity present; (2) Opportunity passing; (3) Opportunity gone.
3. "Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." (1) Jerusalem's opportunity; (2) Jerusalem's ignorance; (3) Jerusalem's doom.

III. THE KING AROUSED.

I. Cleansing the Temple:
He entered into the temple, and.... cast out them that sold (45).
Mine house shall be called an house of prayer (Isa. 56: 7).
Jesus.... cast out all them that sold and bought (Matt. 21: 12).
He.... overthrew the tables of the money-changers (Mark 11: 15).
He made a scourge of cords, and cast all out (John 2: 15).

II. Teaching the Truth:
He was teaching daily in the temple (47).
Thou——teachest the way of God in truth (Matt. 22: 16).
I sat daily in the temple teaching (Matt. 26: 55).
He began to teach them many things (Mark 6: 34).
We know that thou art a teacher come from God (John 3: 2).

III. Baffling his Enemies:
They could not find what they might do (48).
The whole council sought witness against Jesus;.... and found it not (Mark 14: 55).
The officers answered, Never man so spake (John 7: 46).
The Pharisees also asked him how he received his sight (John 9: 15).
What do we? for this man doeth many signs (John 11: 47).

1. "He.... began to cast out them that sold." (1) Abuses of the temple; (2) Pollutions of the temple; (3) Purifications of the temple.
2. "Ye have made it a den of robbers." (1) A sacred place; (2) A base use; (3) A severe arraignment; (4) A summary restoration.
3. "They could not find what they might do." (1) Plotting against Jesus, (2) Puzzled about Jesus.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

ROYAL HONORS.

Bestowed on Joseph (Gen. 41: 37-43).
Enjoyed by David (1 Chron. 28: 1; 29: 3, 4, 26-28).
Absalom's display (2 Sam. 15: 1).
Adonijah's display (1 Kings 1: 5).
Solomon's glory (1 Kings 4: 26-28; 10: 26-29).
Mordecai's honors (Esther 6: 7-11).
Daniel's honors (Dan. 2: 46-49).
Messiah's honors foretold (Psa. 24: 7-10).
Messiah's honors accorded (Luke 19: 35-40).
The heavenly grandeur (Rev. 5: 7-14).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—Leaving Jericha, our Lord with his disciples arrived at Bethany "six days before the passover" (John 12: 1). There a supper was made for him, at the house of Simon the leper (Matt. 26: 6; Mark 14: 3), Martha, Mary, and Lazarus being present. Mary anointed the Lord, the disciples murmured, especially Judas, but our Lord commended Mary (Matt. 26: 7-13; Mark 14: 4-9; John 12: 2-8). Matthew and Mark seemed to place this event two days before the passover, but it is easier to account for their inserting it later than for John's placing it too early.

John also notices that many of the Jews came to Bethany, and that the enmity of the chief priests was aroused against Lazarus.

On the morrow, as they went to Jerusalem, our Lord sent two of his disciples into a village (probably Bethphage) to find a colt (with its mother) on which he should ride. The colt was brought; our Lord sat upon it; two parties of disciples were formed, as it were in triumphal procession,—one before him, the other following. The lesson describes the rejoicings of these disciples.

According to Mark (Mark 11: 11-15), a day intervened between the events recorded in verses 44 and 45 of the lesson. On the first day our Lord only looked around about the temple, retiring to Bethany in the evening. On the second day, he saw the barren figtree on the way to Jerusalem; he also cleansed the temple on that day.

PLACE.—The scen opens "at the descent of the Mount of Olives," east of Jerusalem. The road traveled was probably the southern one, though tradition accepts the direct route over the summit. At a point on the southern road the city comes partially into view, and here the the hosannas probably began (v. 37). Then the city is hidden, but at a turn of the road comes into full view; here our Lord probably wept over Jerusalem (vs. 41-44). The scene of verses 45 and 46 is in the temple itself, in the Court of the Gentiles.

TIME.—The public entry took place, most probably, on Sunday, the 10th of Nisan, 783 A. U. C.; that is, April 2, A. D. 30. The arrival at Bethany may be placed on Friday or Saturday; the supper there (according to John's order) probably occurred on the evening of Saturday. The temple was cleansed on Monday, the day after the entry. Verses 47 and 48 refer in general to the earlier half of that week.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, with a multitude of disciples; some Pharisees who murmured; the traders in the temple; the rulers; the listening multitudes.

INCIDENTS.—The crowd descend the Mount of Olives; they break out into hosannas; the Pharisees ask Jesus to rebuke the disciples; he says the stones would cry out if they held their peace; when he sees the city, he weeps over it. Entering the temple, he drives out the traders. A general description of our Lord's teaching, of the hostility of the rulers, and of the attention of the people, follows.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matthew 21: 8-17; Mark 11: 7-19.

Little Kingbirds.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

No characteristic of the young kingbirds was more winning than their confiding and unsuspicious reception of strangers, for so soon as they began to frequent other trees than the one the paternal vigilance had made comparatively sacred to them, they were the subjects of attention. The English sparrow was first, as usual, to inquire into their right to be out of their own tree. He came near them, alighted, and began to hop still closer. Not in the least startled by his threatening manner, the nearest youngster looked at him, and began to flutter his wings, to call, and to move toward him, as if expecting to be fed. This was too much even for a sparrow.

Another curious visitor was a red-eyed vireo, who, being received in the same innocent and childlike way, also took his leave. But this bird appeared to feel insulted, and in a few minutes stole back, and took revenge in a most peculiar way: he hovered under the twig on which the three were sitting, their dumpy tails hanging down in a row, and actually twitched the feathers of those tails! Even that did not frighten the little ones; they leaned far over and stared at their assailant, but nothing more. I looked carefully to see if the vireo had a nest on that tree, so strange a thing it seemed for a bird to do. The tree was quite tall, with few branches, an oak grown in a close grove, and I am sure there was no vireo nest on it; so that it was an absolutely gratuitous insult.—*September Atlantic.*

OUR heaviest burdens are those we borrow.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 18.

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Bargains on clothing.—C. P. Long.

——100 Boy's suits from $1,10 up. C. P Long.

——Postmaster Brisbin has removed the mail box down town.

——90 Men's suits from $4,00 up. C. P Long.

—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Smith, of Williamsport, are taking in the picnic.

——Farmer John Shafer, of near Madisenburg, gave us a call and an hour's pleasant talk.

——Penns valley Bargain Store, for Clothing, Boots and Shoes &c., &c. C. P. Long.

——Dr. Gast will be at Centre Hall, Monday and Tuesday at Spring Mills on Wednesday and at Millheim on Thursday of next week.

——Peter Metzler, proprietor of the Central Hotel, at Lock Haven, is having a life-sized statue of himself made to be placed in his cemetery lot.

——Engineer Tussey had not yet returned to his place in the cab, on the morning mail west, since the wreck last week. He received a thorough shaking up and went down with his engine.

—The "Night Owls," a club of Mifflinburg's young men are camping on the picnic ground and nightly give a free concert. There are about fifteen in the party and are having a big time.

——At the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania railroad 1195 skilled mechanics were suspended Monday, making at total of 700 suspended from the service at that point.

——On Friday evening at 10 o'clock Mrs. Catharine Houser died at her home in Houserville, aged 89 years, 2 months and 18 days. She was the widow of Mr. Martia Houser, who died 33 years ago at the age of 65 years.

——From Monday's Harrisburg Patriot we obtain the information that Rev. W. K. Foster of this place received a call from the Presbyterian congregation at Mechanicsburg, and has accepted. Rev. Foster has been a very diligent and earnest pastor here for the past five years, and will be missed greatly.—Mifflinburg Telegraph.

——A man named baker of Snyder county aged 75 years, recently paid a visit to Sunbury. It was the first time he ever visited that town, that he ever saw the river, a steamboat, or a railroad train. It is quite probably he never would have seen as much as he did had not a son moved to that town, and whom the father made the journey to pay a visit.

——Mr. and Mrs. Fetter, of Milton, are visiting at Rev. Isenberg's, in this place —Mr. Fetter being a cousin of Mrs. Isenberg, and one of the leading business men of the above place. They are taking in the picnic and other sites, and bro. Isenberg and his estimable wife are leaving nothing undone to make the visit of their Milton cousins enjoyable.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods, which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

——Lock Haven Democrat of September 13: We are called on to-day to record a very sad occurrence, being the droweing in the river between 10 and 11 o'clock this forenoon of little Frank Gearhart, youngest son of C. R. Gearhart, the insurance agent. The little boy was playing just above the Fallon house on the river's edge where Mr. Schuyler has built a sort of wharf, which is rip-rapped on either side with stone, and only one log of which, owing to the high water, stood above the current. In walking on this log to go from one end to the other, the poor little fellow fell into the water and sank. Several persons witnessed the occurrance and did what they could to rescue him, but it was too late. He went down the last time with his hands together as one in the act of prayer and that was the final scene in the sad and heart-breaking tragedy.

THE PATRONS

THE NEW GROUNDS A SUCCESS.

STORM ON TUESDAY

Bad Weather Prevented A Larger Attendance. The Storm Tuesday Morning Blew Down Many Tents A Larger and Finer Exhibit Than Ever Before.

The grange picnic opened on Monday, in their 25 acre purchase near Kurtz' mill, where a park has been planted and a dozen buildings erected and over 200 state tents set up. The grounds are on an eminence, the summit of the valley and within the boro limits of Centre Hall, and bordering on the railroad. In a few years, when the young trees are large enough to afford shade, the one thing needed will be supplied, and the grounds be all that could be desired.

The heads of the various departments to get all in readiness for this week's gathering did their duty well and showed good judgment, and went ahead with energy in the brief time in which to do their work, and Monday, 15, found all in readiness for the big picnic.

Mr. John Dauberman, superintendent of improvements, managed the erection of buildings and the water supply and his indefatigable efforts made a success of it, and up to this time had the heaviest part of the work.

Capt. George M. Boal, superintendent of camp, made admirable arrangements, for having every thing convenient, and his planning is faultless and displays excellent judgment.

Mr. George Dale had charge of the exhibitors' department, and those having any display to make could not have been better suited for that purpose.

The live stock department in charge of George Gingerich, received every attention from that gentleman and exhibitors will find nothing undone for that class of exhibits.

Mr. J. J. Arney, in charge of sutler privileges and amusements, had all arrangements complete for boarding and refreshment stands, music, shows etc.

With all these heads of committees working together harmoniously all work went on successfully.

We might add that the real opening of the picnic was on 5, when bro. Rhone flitted to the ground with camp equipage and cooking utensils, as the first inhabitant of the grounds. After that we may add the merry-go-round, was the first on the ground, the flying jinny having arrived and planted itself on Thursday of last week, ready for a swing around the circle To bro. Rhone and the merry-go-round must therefore be accorded the honor of being the first occupants of grange park.

Monday opened up threatningly and cast a gloomy look upon all. The morning being cloudy and cool with threatentng rain all forenoon, but which broke about noon allowing the sun to shine. The exhibitors were all busy at work getting things in shape for display, and all morning parties who had engaged tents were arriving with camp equipage from all parts with loaded wagons and vans. The park presented an animated and lively appearance. Wagons darting hither and thither and everyone seemed to have something to do. The trains Monday were heavily loaded with baggage and passengers, the specials not running until Tuesday. The entire day was passed in fixing up and getting things in ship shape for the opening, Tuesday. The speakers tent, which the Cumberland valley railroad kindly loaned the management was erected, along with many small ones for booths, etc.

Following is a list of those occupying tents on the grounds:

J J Arney, Dr. Alexander, F F Adams, Charles Adams, D F Allison, A C Allison, Mrs. Annie Adams,

Geo. Bradford, 6 M Boal, Philip Bradford, W A Boal, J S Boal, Robert Barnes, S H Bailey, Isaac Beck, J F Barton, J S Brush, J B Bergstresser, M S Betz, Miss Dora Bechdel, Franklin Blair, John Boal, W C Bell.

John Conley, Jesse Cox, Clintondale Drum Corps, Wm. Camp,.

Jas. Durst, O C Dewitt, W J Dale, Alfred Durst, Geo. Dale, Harry Dukeman, John Dauberman, Henry Dale.

Estella Edmiston, Mrs. M M Everhart, C P Erb, Miss Emerick, John Eisele,.

Mrs. Ellen Fleming, Mrs. Maggie Fultrn, J A Fiedler, Fire Insurance Co., John Fisher, R B Fry, Miss Lizzie Fleming, Isaac Frain.

And. Gregg, Miles Green, J E Goss, Mich. Grove, Mrs J C Gripp, J D Gill, Jane B Gray, Calvin Gates, George Goodhart.

J C Harper, H K Hoy, B K Henderson, Herberling & Gates, Mrs. T S Headley, E T Hoover, Dr. Harter, Mrs. Hoy, David Harter, S P Hockman, W D Harter, J S Hoy, J C Hoy, Mr. Haines, J A Hunter. Joseph Hoy, Mrs. Harmon, G H Hill.

Wm. Ishler, Samuel Ishler, J P Ishler, W F Irvin.

G D Johnston.

Sallie Kline, A L Katherman, Daniel Keller, A Keller, Harrison Kline, Eph. Leller, G Kerstetter, W A Kerr, H Kephart, D C Kennedy, J C Krumrine,

John Lawyers, Oomer Longwell, Wilson Leathers.

D J Meyer, W H Miller, Musser and Dale, J J Musser, Jos. Marshall, Frank Montgomery, H K Miller, Isaac Martz, W E Meek, Miss Mothersbough, Mrs. M Martz, G G Mattern, G H Musser, L H Musser, W B Mingle, D W Miller, J W Mays.

Miss Sallie McClenahan, H W McCracker, Geo, McClintick,

S Neff, W A Neidigh.

J H Oliger, A Orr.

J T Potter.

Phil'p Resides, Ed. Tiley, Luther Rishel, H W. Reeder, Edward Ross, Joseph Ross, Leonard Rhone, Mary A Ross, L C Rearick, W F Rearick Jacob Rhone, Mrs. Mary Reese, G W Rumberger.

Jas. Stahl, S W Smith, Bert Schimp, Smetzler and Schorer, J M Spicher, L A Schaeffer, J P Seibert, A J Swartz, D P Shope, Mrs. Kate Strong E A Smith, W F Searson, H M Stover, J S Slack, W W Spangler, H P Sankey, L W Strunk, M S Smith, Levi Stump, Wm. Smith, Sandoe and Lesher.

Mrs, Kate Toot, Wm. Tanyer, O A Tate, J C Turner, Mrs. Thompson, A J Thompson, Mrs. J S Thomas.

S H Williams, J C Weaver, J F Weaver, Maggie Wion, Wm. Weaver J W Wolf, Clara Walker Mrs. Worick.

R J Zerby.

The ground at night with its scores of lights, when viewed from a distance presented a fine sight, like a little city illuminated.

Alas, Monday night a heavy rain storm set in, which drenched the grounds and played havoc with some of the tents, blowing some over and drenching the occupants of others with rain. The bicycle merry-go-round canvass tent was also blown down.

The storm was terrific in its force and dismantled many private tents. The bicycle carousalle tent was torn almost to shreds, while the auditorium flapped helplessly and had to be reconstructed Tuesday morning. Many of the private tents and shops were unhoused and the heavy rain drenched everything completely, doing much damage to property.

The booths suffered severely from the driven rain, soaking their stock and with some ruining it. A slight rain was falling all morning Tuesday but near noon the sky became clear and the sun shone. The grounds were very mushy and swampy, but the management allowed no vehicles to pass through except when absolutely necessary thereby avoiding having it cut up.

An efficient police force was appointed Five men patroled the ground at night, but seem to have little to do. Police headquarters are established near headquarters in a tent. The first arrest was made Tuesday morning on complaint of a young man who had lost his watch, and accused his bed fellow of purloining it. Policeman David Sweetwood arrested the accused and he was brought before squire Boal, but for want of sufficient evidence, the accused was discharged. He was searched, but the watch was not found in his possession.

The specials began running Tuesday morning, but brought in few passengers in the forenoon. It was rather quiet Tuesday on account of the inauspicious weather.

Following is the list of the exhibitors on the ground:

J B Shannon, Philadelphia, general hardware.

Gariette, Masten & Allen, Philad., clothing.

Thornton Barnes, Philad., groceries.

D Garman & Son, Bellefonte, dry goods, etc.

Taylor, Aultman & Co., Akron, Ohio, reapers and mowers.

D F Luse, Centre Hall, patent buggy top.

Henry Boozer, Centre Hall, farm implements.

Adriance and Platt Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. farming machinery.

Peter Hoffer, Centre Hall, farming implements.

McCalmont & Co., Bellefonte, wagons, farming implements, etc.

Walter A Wood and Co, reapers and binders.

Allen, Philad., farm implemenis.

E Ross & Co., Cumberland Co., embroidering machine.

W W Boob, Coburn, road carts.

T P Vonada, Rebersburg, road carts.

J J Woodland, patent fence.

Grove, patent fence.

Vanpelt, Mingle & Co., Centre Hall, implements.

Joseph R Hill, wax flowers.

T R Krape, Rebersburg, organs.

Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, clothing.

Penna. State College, experiment station.

Guiser Manufacturing Co., Pa., implements.

J R Smith and Co., Milton, pianos and organs.

Wednesday opened cloudy with a slight sprinkle of rain, which no doubt kept scores at home, still the roads were full of vehicles from all directions and four morning trains were filled with visitors, and the ground soon showed the life of a little city.

Wednesday afternoon was fine and there were not less than 8000 people on the ground, and over a mile of rigs hitched to the fence.

The most of visitors seem to be pleased with the ground and its arrangement. There is ample room for tieing any number of horses at the fence encircling the ground, which is accessible from Church street, from Main street at the Presbyterian church, and also from near the depot, and there is perfect safety against any jam of vehicles.

Dedication.

At 10 a. m. the dedication ceremony was held in the large tent, and the exercises were appropriate. The auditorium was crowded. The music excellent by the local choir, with Miss Annie Keller presiding at the organ.

The chairman of the committee then handed over the grounds to the county grange. Mr. Isaac Frain, master of the county grange, received the gift in the name of the organization and in an appropriate address thanked the committee for the good work, and thanked the great Master of the grange above for His mercies and for the good will shown the order in its entire existence, vouchsafing peace and prosperity in all its doings.

The religious services connected with the ritual were conducted by the Chaplain, Col. James Weaver. Miss May Rhone as Florist, made a short address, Pomona, which represented fruits was personated by Mrs. Frank Brown. Series, by Mrs. Dauberman. Mr. Downing then read a paper entitled "Let us Reason Together." The large tent was crowded and the services were very impressive.

Col. Weaver, leader of the county grange, delivered an address which was well received.

Grumblings.

Having given a commendable account of the picnic ground and its arrangement —which is admirable and almost faultless in our opinion, and a credit to the good taste of Messrs. Dauberman, Boal, Arney, Dale and Gingerich, the managers of the different departments. No committee could have performed its duties with better satisfaction, in the main, than did these gentlemen.

Fault is found because the woods is abandoned and the open field taken where there is no shade. This will be obviated in a few years when the young trees will rise into a beautiful park, and the spot have every needed charm.

Some complain that the charges for stands were extortionate.

Learn to bear a little in this, we would say—the price for the ground was high, the expense of planting several hundred trees, putting up buildings, etc., was large, and when all is completed, charges for future exhibitions may be satisfactory, you can't please all.

Several grangers felt hurt and complained that non-grangers and favorites of the worthy master, were given the front tents and best quarters, while farmers for whom there is a great plea made from that quarter, were stuck back in the rear. We give this as it was made direct to us, and if true, is the one complaint of all others that we can see no excuse for. It is just the kind of small favoritism that might be looked for from the party charged with it.

Scholl—Williams.

Sunday evening last, the Union church at Farmers Mills, was the scene of a pretty wedding. Mr. John Scholl, son of William Scholl, about two miles east of town, was united in marriage to Miss Sadie C. Williams, of near Spring Mills. The church was crowded almost to overflowing, despite the threatening weather.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fischer. At half past seven the wedding party entered the church and proceeded down the aisle, J. Witmer Wolfe performing the wedding march. Mr. Thomas Williams and Mr. Charles Hasson as groomsmen and Miss Sadie Scholl sister of the groom, and Miss Blanche Duck as bridesmaids. The groom is an employe at the Altoona electric light station and is well known in this section. The bride is a popular and interesting young lady of her section and Mr. Scholl has made a good choice in a help-mate. The REPORTER extends congratulations and wishes them a life of unalloyed happiness and pleasure. They will take up their residence in Altoona.

Given a Hearing.

On Saturday last, the murderer of Harry Waterhouse was brought to court before Judge Furst on a writ of habeas corpus. The prisoner, who gives his name as John Wilson, is defended by W. F. Reeder, law partner of General Hastings and C. P. Hewes. District Attorney Meyer is assisted in the prosecution by John H. Orvis.

The evidence given by the four witnesses examined was entirely sufficient to prove that it is a case of murder in the first degree, and Wilson was held without bail to be tried at the November term of court. The evidence shows it was a cold-blooded murder of an innocent, unoffending person.

Death of Mr. Irvin Leech.

Mr. Irvin Leech, residing about three miles west of Centre Hall, died on Monday forenoon last. He had been afflicted the last two years with an ailment of the stomach, which of late took a more serious turn and terminated in his demise. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and was unmarried, residing on the farm with his brother John. His age was near 70 years. During his life he had assisted in raising over one hundred barns in this section, the last few years his mind became slightly estranged at times. Thus another old resident has gone to the beyond.

The Doctor and Postmaster

Were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected Cold and rapidly going into Consumption, which was promptly cured by Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

Experience has shown sufferers with Dyspepsia Biliousness and Liver Complaint, in fact all diseases arising from a disordered system that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Regulator for these troubles. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere:

:o: FINE DISPLAY :o:
—OF—
HARNESS.

I wish to announce to my many patrons of this county that I will be at the

GRANGER PICNIC,

next week with the finest and completest assortment of Harness ever placed on exhibition in this section of the state.

My stock will comprise Fine Driving Harness, Fancy Bridles, Saddles, Whips, Lap Robes and in fact everything embraced in my line. All goods will be sold on the ground at prices that will astonish the people. Don't fail to visit my Harness Pavilion when you attend the picnic. Come prepared to buy,

Yours Truly,
JAMES SCHOFIELD,
Harness Dealer, Bellefonte, Pa

NOTICE.—JAMES A. M'CLAIN OF THE borough of Bellefonte, county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania. has filed an application with the Secretary of Internal affairs, for about twenty acres of unimproved land, situate in Potter township, county and state aforesaid, and bounded as follows, adjoining lands of James Moore on the north, William Garrigus on the east Moses Flemly on the south and unknown on the west. Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 10th, 1890 3t

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—THE undersigned, executor, will offer at public sale on the premises, in Gregg township, on

o—o SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, o—o

At 1 o'clock, p m., the following real estate of David Emerick, dec'd, late of Gregg township, consisting of a tract of land, containing

)—(10 ACRES,)—(

more or less. Thereon erected a 2 story

— DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, —

and all necessary outbuildings. Lot of choice fruit on the premises. The land is all cleared and under good state of cultivation, and is located near the Cross-Roads School house.

Terms of sale will be made known on day of sale. SAMUEL J. HERRING, Executor.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc., I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices.* Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,
B. E. BARTHOLOMEW.
Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

FOR SALE.—2 good mules, wagon and harness, all in very good condition. Inquire of JAS. LESHER, CENTRE HALL.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—2 story frame house stable, at the station, apply to F. KURTZ tf

LOST.—IN THE VICINITY OF POTTERS Mills, a pocket book, containing a $5 bill and some small change. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it with RUB. MEYERS, Centre Hall,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Julia Moyer, dec'd, of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. S. HOUSEMAN, Adm'r, 2sept6t Tusseyville.

FARM FOR SALE.—THE FARM BELONGing to the late Jonathan Spangler, dec'd., will be offered at public sale on

o—o WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1890. o—o

in Miles township, two miles east of Rebersburg, containing 111 acres of excellent farming land and 31 acres of good timber land. Thereon a

— GOOD HOUSE, BANK BARN —

and other outbuildings. The farm is well located and in a high state of cultivation.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE—PURSUant to an order of the Court of Centre Co. there will be exposed at Public sale, on

o—o FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890 o—o

At 1 o'clock, on the premises, about 3 miles south-east of Linden Hall R. R. station and 4 miles south-west of Centre Hall, the fine farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd., late of Potter Twp., Centre Co., bounded on the east by lands of John and Jacob Wagner and John Spangler, on the west by John Bitner, on the north by Josiah Neff's heirs, on the south by Tussey Mountain, containing

)—(199 ACRES AND 81 PERCHES.)—(

about 150 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Rock oak and Chestnut. The buildings consist of a good 2 story

)—(FRAME HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN,)—(

painted, good wash-house. Commodious wagon shed with corn crib, good pig pen, and all necessary out buildings, Running water at house, barn and in wash-house, and a never failing well near the house. Also a good orchard with all kinds of choice fruits. The farm is desirable one the public road leading by the buildings.

TERMS.—⅓ the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale. ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Deferred payments to bear interest from date of confirmation of sale.

W. W. SPANGLER, Potters Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS TWO SEATED carriage, just out of the shop, price $145,00. Also a very fine driving horse, only 5 years old. Works single or double, a very good family horse; any woman can drive him. Call on or address. E. H. AUMAN, Coburn, Pa.

:o:

GRANGE PARK.

The many visitors who will attend the Patrons' Exhibition at Grange Park, Centre Hall, this week, should not fail to pay our exhibit on the grounds a call. Our display far exceeds any on the ground, having larger and more roomy quarters than formerly, we can show our goods to advantage.

We have our Serges, 40 in. wide, at 50 cents.

One-half wool Tricots, 28 cents, one-half the price. Very cheap.

All wool dress Flannell, 56 in. wide, 50 cents per yard.

A general line of fancy goods, umbrellas, ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.

When at the park don't forget a visit to our department. Will be pleased to have you call.

GARMANS.
Bellefonte.

:o:

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct31y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John Wagner, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. S. J. WAGNER. W. A. WAGNER. 14 Aug. 6t Admr's Tusseyville

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	18
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	75

SALESMEN WANTED —AT ONCE— To sell our Choice Nursery Stock. Salary or commission and steady work for earnest workers. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries. Rochester, N. Y. Established 1840. 14aug3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Mary Royer, dec'd., late of Gregg twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN EMERICK, Centre Hall, DAVID KRAPE, Aaronsburg, 7Aug. 6t Executors.

New Furniture Store!

New goods. Low prices. All goods delivered free. We invite you to come and see our new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. We keey everything usually kept in a first-class furniture store.

UNDERTAKING.

The highest method of preparing the dead has been attained and my course in this branch has been completed. My hearse and horses are among the finest in the state. Carry in stock a complete line, from the cheapest coffins to the finest caskets, and burial robes, etc., and I guarantee that my prices are the lowest in the county. No extra charge for embalming or distance.

W. R. Camp. - Centre Hall.